LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE;

OR,

Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, engraved by special Permission of the Duke of Gloucester, from the Picture in the possession of his Royal Highness, painted by Sir W. Beechey.
2. Song, set to Music by Mr. Braham, expressly for this Work.
3. Three whole length Portraits, and four Head Dresses of the London Fashions.
4. Three whole length Portraits of the Parisian Fashions, with Head Dresses,—for the Month of March.
5. Four New Patterns of elegant Needle-Work.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales . 65

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On the Use of the Fables of Mythology . . 69

Solution of the Inquiry, "who was the Man in the Iron Mask?" 70

Account of the Almanack of Liege, the Prototype of the celebrated Almanack of Francis Moore 71

Present mode of Female Education considered; with Hints for its Improvement 73

Alzadin; or the Maze of Life explored; an Eastern Tale 75

Ferdinand de Guimaraens: a Portuguese Tale of the Thirteenth Century 76

Ladies Toilette; or, Encyclopædia of Beauty 79

On the Propensity of Women to Dress . . 79

On the choice of Colours 79

On Beauty 79

On the Bosom 79

On the Hands 79

Cross Purposes, a Dialogue 81

Letters to a Young Lady, introductory to a Knowledge of the World 81

The *Beau Monde*, or History of the New World 84

A Biographical Sketch of a celebrated Living character, under a fictitious Name . . . 87

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

Genliana, or Beauties selected from the Works of the celebrated Madame Genlis . . . 91

Description of the Progress of Society and Manners in Scotland, from Stark's Picture of Edinburgh, published in the preceding Month 94

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

Description of the Carnival at Paris, and the *Fête de Longchamp* 98

Public Recreations in Paris, (*continued from our last*) 100

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

Letters on Botany, from a Lady to her Friend 102

Letters to a Young Lady on the Science of Perspective, (*with an Explanatory Print*) 105

FINE ARTS.

An account of the British Institution for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom 108

POETRY AND MUSIC.

Song, Composed exclusively for this Work by Mr. Braham 110

Poetry, Original and Select 110-113

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS, for the Month of March, 1806.

Public Amusements for the preceding Month 115

SECOND DIVISION OF THIS WORK.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

London Fashions for the Month of April, with Descriptive Prints . . . . . .

Parisian Fashions for the Month of April, with Descriptive Prints . . . . . .

General Observations on Fashions . . .

Letter on the Use of Rouge . . . . .

Belinda, on the Adoption of *Bouquets* . .

Supplementary Advertisements for the Month.

London: Printed by and for J. Bell, *Southampton Street, Strand. April* 1, 1806.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to return our thanks to many of those early Friends of our Work, whose Communications have appeared in our present Number. We solicit a repetition of their favours, and offer freely to them, and to others, the pages of our Magazine, for the discussion of whatever is interesting and elegant, or anywise bearing upon the important points of domestic life and character.

There are many who might wish to address admonitory, or other Letters, to friends or relations, who would not choose to appear in their own names. It is well known that such was the case with the Spectator, and with the earlier Numbers of our most celebrated Periodical Publications; the greater part of the Letters of which, and particularly of those which have been most admired and considered as Letters of Life and Character, were actually sent with this covert purpose—that of conveying, under the assumed fiction of a story, of exactly resembling circumstances, some precept or admonition, which could not have been communicated, or would not have been attended to, in any direct manner. To Correspondents of this class our Magazine is respectfully offered, as a delicate and most suitable vehicle for this covert, and not least effectual method of precept and admonition.

The Culinary System *will be continued in our next.*

We have to regret the loss of our Correspondent who favoured us with the article on Heraldry *in our last; but we have obtained the assistance of another Gentleman, intimately acquainted with this Science, who will resume it in our next Number.*

We thank BELINDA *for her Letter.*

H. S.'s Poetry is very good, but the subject is too grave. We are not partial to blank verse; but shall be glad to hear from him in any other metre.

The Acrostic *on Cupid's punishment is translated from the French.*

The Tale entitled the Sisters, *came to hand; but we can never insert a Tale* to be continued, *without being first possessed of the whole of the MS.*

The future Correspondence of the Author of the admirable Letter "on the use of Rouge," is earnestly solicited by the Proprietors of this Work.

Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,
For MARCH, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Second Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Caroline Amelia Elizabeth, the present Princess of Wales, and wife of his Royal Highness George Prince of Wales, was born May 17, 1768. She is the second daughter of the present Duke of Brunswick, of the Electoral line of Hanover, and of consequence, closely connected before her marriage with the Royal Family of Great Britain.

The following genealogical account of her Royal Highness will explain her connection with the Royal Family of England, and is sufficiently ample for our purpose:—

Frederick-Lewis, late Prince of Wales, father of his present Majesty, was born on January 20, 1707. Married, April 20, 1736, Augusta, daughter of Frederick II. Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and great-aunt to the present Duke; by whom (who died Feb. 8, 1772) he had the following issue; and died March 20, 1751, during the life-time of his father.

First, Augusta, born July 31, 1737; married to the present Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, Jan. 17, 1764, by whom she had issue three sons, viz. *first*, Charles-George-Augustus, born Feb. 8, 1766; married, Oct. 14, 1790, Frederica-Louisa-Wilhelmina, daughter of the late Stadtholder; *second*, George-William-Christian, born June 27, 1769; *third*, William-Frederick, born Oct. 9, 1771: and three daughters; *first*, Charlotte-Georgiana-Augusta, the eldest, born Dec. 3, 1764; married, Oct. 11. 1780, Frederick-William, now Duke of Wirtemberg-Stutgard, lately created King of Wirtemberg by the Emperor of the French (by whom she had two sons and a daughter), and died in 1791. The present Duke of Wirtemberg is brother to the Empress of Russia: he was born on Nov. 7, 1754; and on May 18, 1797, married, *secondly*, to Charlotte-Augusta-Matilda, Princess Royal of England: second daughter, Carolina-Amelia-Elizabeth, born May 17, 1768, was married, April 8, 1795, to her cousin, the Prince of Wales, and has issue Charlotte-Carolina-Augusta, born January 7th, 1796.

In the short sketch which we propose to give of her Royal Highness, it might be difficult to confine ourselves altogether within those limits which respect for her exalted character and rank would prescribe, and at the same time to produce an account which should convey interest and instruction. We shall therefore extract from the writings of a German traveller, who was intimately acquainted with her Royal Highness, such an account as will endear her to all those subjects whom she is destined to reign over in future.

The following extract is from Travels in England, in the year 1803, by Joachim Henry Campe. It is proper to observe,

that these Travels have never appeared in any English translation.

Speaking of the richness of the soil, and the other sources of prosperity of England, the author proceeds as follows:—

"What principally contributes to the promotion of agriculture in England is the general and well founded esteem in which that most beneficial of all human occupations is held in that country. The first Peer of the realm, the Nobility of every rank, even the King himself, do not consider it beneath their dignity to become attentive and industrious farmers. Ladies of the highest rank engage in the avocations of rural and domestic economy, by which they acquire the respect both of their own countrymen and of all enlightened foreigners."

Thus, for example, the Princess of Wales.

"When I was at her residence at Blackheath, she had the condescension to conduct me to a garden at some distance, which she has principally laid out herself, and which she superintends, in such a complete sense of the word, that no person must presume to do any thing in it but what she herself directs. I admired the beautiful order and the careful cultivation even of the most insignificant spot; the judicious combination of the useful with the agreeable, which appeared so delightful wherever I cast my eyes. I was charmed with the neat borders of flowers between which we passed, and was doubly rejoiced to find them so small; because, as the Princess remarked, too much room ought not to be taken from the useful vegetables merely for the purpose of pleasing the eye. I was transported with the elegance, taste, and convenience displayed in the pavilion, in which the dignified owner, who furnished the plan and the directions for every part of it, has solved the problem, how a building of but two floors, on a surface of about eighteen feet square, could be constructed and arranged in such a manner, that a small family, capable of limiting its desires, might find in it a habitation equally beautiful, tasteful, and commodious. The manner in which this has been effected, deserves, in my opinion, the notice and admiration of professed architects.

"After my Royal Guide had shewn me her favourite spot, a small and extremely simple seat, placed in the corner of the garden, overshadowed by two or three honeysuckles, the branches of which are bent in such a manner that one of the finest prospects which this place commands opens to the view as through a window,—she invited me to survey the most important part of her grounds. I manifested some surprise, conceiving that I had seen every thing. The lovely Princess smiled, and conducted me to a considerable tract covered with vegetables, composing the farther and largest portion of this remarkable garden. 'This,' said she, 'is my principal concern. Here I endeavour to acquire the honourable name of a farmer, and that, as you see, not merely in jest. The vegetables, which I raise here in considerable quantity, are carried to town and sold. The produce amounts annually to a handsome sum.'

"You will probably guess to what purpose this handsome sum is applied. Or, shall I let you a little more into the secret of the active and benevolent life which the future Queen of the first and most powerful nation in the world here leads in a simple country-house, which is in fact not so large as that of a petty German Baron? Well then, be it so; I will even run the risk of incurring her anger, in case she should ever be informed of my treachery. My heart is too full to resist the impetuosity with which it attempts to discharge itself.

"Know then that this accomplished young Princess leads in this modest mansion a life so useful, so active, so virtuous, that I might challenge the most celebrated philosopher, in a like situation, to surpass her. She has no court, no officers of state, no chamberlains, no maids of honour, &c. because she has no occasion for them here; but she is occasionally visited by a couple of female friends, who are not so merely in name,—the very intelligent and worthy Mrs. Fitzgerald and her amiable daughter. Her whole long forenoon, that is, from six in the morning till seven in the evening, is devoted to business, to reading and writing, to the cultivation of different arts; for instance, music, painting, embroidery, modelling in clay, gardening, and to—education.

"My last word, I see, staggers you; because it is so extremely unusual to see persons of princely rank occupy themselves with an employment, which cannot have any charms for persons who have a taste only for the pleasures and amusements of a court. But you will be still more surprised when I add, that it is not the young and hopeful Princess, her *daughter*, whom she educates, but eight or nine poor orphan children, to whom she has the condescension to supply the place of a mother. Her own is the child of the State, and, according to the constitution of the country, must not, alas! be educated by herself. These poor children, on the other hand, are boarded by her with honest people in the neighbourhood; she herself not only directs every thing relative to their education and instruction, but sends every day to converse with them, and thus contribute towards the formation of their infant minds. Never while I live, shall I forget the charming, the affecting scene, which I had the happiness of witnessing, when the Princess was pleased to introduce to me her little foster-children. We were sitting at table; the Princess and her friends were at breakfast; but I, in the German fashion, was taking my dinner. The children appeared clothed in the cleanest, but at the same time in the simplest manner, just as the children of country people are in general dressed. They seemed perfectly ignorant of the high rank of their foster-mother, or rather not to comprehend it. The sight of a stranger somewhat abashed them; but their bashfulness soon wore off, and they appeared to be perfectly at home. Their dignified benefactress conversed with them in a lively, jocose, and truly maternal manner. She called to her first one, and then another, and among the rest a little boy, five or six years old, who had a sore upon his face. Many a parent of too delicate nerves would not have been able to look at her own child in this state without an unpleasant sensation. Not so the Royal Mother of these orphans. She called the boy to her, gave him a biscuit, looked at his face, to see whether it got any better, and manifested no repugnance when the grateful infant pressed her hand to his bosom.

"What this wise Royal Instructress said to me on this occasion, is too deeply impressed upon my memory to be erased. 'People find fault with me,' said she, 'for not doing more for these children, after I have once taken them under my care; I ought, in their opinion, to provide them with more elegant and costly clothes, to keep masters of every kind for them, that they may once make a figure as persons of refined education. However, I only laugh at their censure, for I know what I am about. It is not my intention to raise these children into a rank superior to that in which they are placed; in that rank I mean them to remain, and to become useful, virtuous, and happy members of society. The boys are destined to become expert seamen, and the girls skilful, sensible, industrious housewives,—nothing more. I have them instructed in all that is really serviceable for either of these destinations; but every thing else is totally excluded from the plan of education which I have laid down for them. Those who are acquainted with the splendour of the higher classes, and have reflected upon it, will beware of snatching children from the more happy condition of inferior rank, for the purpose of raising them into the former, in despite of Providence and natural destination.'

"Such is the wise and philanthropic manner in which this admirable Princess, in the flower of her age, passes one day after another. Towards evening, a very small company, of not more than three or four persons, assembles at her house to dine with her; and fortunately ceremony does not oblige her to pay regard in her selection to any other recommendation than merit. It is only on Court-days, when the Royal Family assemble, that she goes to town, or to Windsor, to complete the dignified circle of which she is such a distinguished ornament. To the Theatres, and other places of amusement of the fashionable world, her Royal Highness is a stranger. Since she came to England, she has only been twice to the play, and that was soon after her arrival. This, which of itself is an extraordinary circumstance, will be considered a great sacrifice by those who know the uncommon love and respect which is cherished by people

of all ranks for their future Queen, and consequently need not be told, that she renounces a triumph as often as she withdraws from public view.

"She devotes one day in the week to her own daughter, the Princess Charlotte, who comes to see her, and spends the day with her. There is nothing to prevent her from enjoying this gratification oftener, for the child must be brought to her whenever she pleases. For wise reasons, however, she denies herself and her daughter the more frequent repetition of a pleasure of which both of them are every day ardently desirous. 'If,' said she, 'I were to have the child with me every day, I should be obliged sometimes to speak to her in a tone of displeasure, and even of severity. She would then have less affection for me, and what I said to her would make less impression upon her heart. As it is, we remain in some measure new to each other; at each of her visits I have occasion to shew her love and tenderness, and the consequence is, that the child is attached to me with all her soul, and not a word I say to her fails of producing the desired effect.'

"I was myself an eye-witness of the truth of this. Such tender attachment, and such fervent love as this child, only seven years old, manifests to her Royal Mother, is assuredly seldom seen in persons of that rank Her eyes are incessantly fixed on the beauteous countenance of her tender mother; and what eyes! Never, in a child of her age, have I beheld eyes so expressive, so soft, so penetrating. The first time she cast them on me she seemed as though she would penetrate my soul. The most experienced observer of mankind cannot scrutinize more severely a person of whom he wishes to form a speedy judgment. For the rest, neither her dress nor her behaviour afford the least room to suspect her high destination. The former is so simple, and the latter so natural and unaffected, that were you to see her in any other place, without knowing her, you would scarcely take her for the heiress of a throne. In every dress, and in every place, however, the attentive observer would easily discover her to be an extraordinary child. The Royal Artist, her mother, has made a model of her, and of several other persons who are dear to her, in clay, and afterwards taken from them plaster casts, which are most perfect resemblances. In acquiring that art, this accomplished Princess pursued a manner of her own. Instead of working, as usual, a long time from models, she merely procured instruction in the use of the tools; her fancy then formed, from the detached traits of a poem, the representation of an imaginary person, and she began to compose the figure without any copy. The subject of her first essay was the *Leonora* of Burger's celebrated Ballad; her second was the head of an old Lord, whose name I have forgotten; and the third was her daughter, the Princess Charlotte.

"This reminds me of another piece of work by the hand of this Royal Artist, which I had likewise an opportunity of inspecting, and which appeared to me equally beautiful and ingenious. In passing through her work-room (where, besides a choice collection of books, and all kinds of implements of the arts, you see a large table covered with papers, writings, drawings, and books), she took the trouble to direct my attention to a very handsome table, and asked me what I conceived it to be. Without a moment's hesitation, I declared it was inlaid, or, as it is called, Mosaic work, and that it was an excellent specimen of the art. She smiled, and said, that could not be, as she, who knew nothing of Mosaic work, had made it herself, and in a few hours. 'It is nothing more,' added her Royal Highness, 'than a square of ground glass, on which I have fastened with gum different kinds of natural flowers, which were first carefully dried and pressed, and then turned the glass with the smooth side uppermost, to produce the illusion by which you were just now deceived. The whole art, or rather the trifling degree of trouble, which this easy operation requires, consists merely in the choice of the situation which must be given to each flower, so that one may be properly connected with the others, and that as small a vacancy as possible may remain between them.' As the glass would not, however, be completely covered, I suppose (for unluckily I forgot to inquire) that the intervals are

stained with colours, so as to give them the appearance of stone.

"By means of this pleasing artifice she has made a Chinese lamp for one of her other apartments, which, like those of coloured glass or thin alabaster, diffuses a very mild light.

"A second table in her work-room, which appears to be composed of every possible species of marble, is, what I never should have guessed without being told,—nothing more than a square of ground glass, which, on the under side, is painted in such a manner, that the spectator cannot help taking the whole for specimens of all the species of marble joined together and inlaid. In each corner a small copper-plate of some antique figure is stuck; of course, on the reverse of the square, which completes the deception.

"You must, my friend, have no sense of what is fair, and great, and lovely, if I should have occasion to apologize for this little digression into which I have been involuntarily led. Your heart, which is ever open to all that is virtuous and excellent, must, I know, receive equal pleasure with my own, from these particulars of the wise and benevolent system of life, which a Princess, destined for the Throne of Great Britain and Ireland, has prescribed for herself, and pursued for so many years with a fortitude and a perseverance which seem to exceed the powers of her sex."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE USE OF THE FABLES OF MYTHOLOGY.

TO disguise the asperity of instructions by the more enticing mask of amusement, is a mode of condescension which the world expects from those who wish either to disseminate knowledge or to purchase fame. The power of directing the conduct of others, of appointing bounds to the sallies of passion, and of erecting the standard of duty, presupposes a superiority, against which obstinacy and self-esteem are in continual rebellion. By such as desire to instruct, this superiority must therefore be concealed: the sage must often submit to weave his lessons with romantic fiction; to be the pander of passions, that, by soothing, he may allay them; and to bribe our senses, that they may permit his access to our reason. Fable and allegory, on this account, assuming the attractions of fancy, the warmth of genius, and the language of poetry, arose in the earliest ages of the world, fraught with the moral precepts of the first philosophers. A virtue personified became the hero of a tale, interesting the imagination and subduing the affections; while vice, figured by some detestable object, excited universal dread and abhorrence. The qualities of air, of fire, of water, of earth, their combinations and effects, were frequently expressed by allegoric images. Time, the seasons, and all the properties of light and darkness, likewise engaged the attention in figurative description. Thus moral and natural philosophy were taught, and wisdom in disguise was admitted where the portal seldom opened but to amusement or to interested knowledge; and thus, *divina Palladis arte*, often surprised the fortress of ignorance, and destroyed the retreat of infamy.

But such is the self-opiniated sufficiency of human nature, that we too frequently regard as our amusement only, those fictions with which wisdom has permitted some favoured mortal to veil her lustre, and are entirely unsolicitous whether mere mechanism, or a more celestial endowment, gives animation to the objects with which we are so much delighted. We are still entertained with the fable, but the internal moral is neglected. The figures either become a species of allegoric puppets, attractive by the fantastic habits of fancy, and remain pleasing by hereditary partiality, or from some artful impostor receive new interpretations, become idols, and are soon sacred from hereditary reverence.

That this was the origin of the heathen divinities; that the inundation of *celestial powers*, which arose in Egypt, and overflowed half the world, in streams as slimy and prolific as the waters of the Nile, has this head, though long concealed, is at length manifest by that improvement in physical and moral philosophy, which has enabled many learned moderns to discover the coincidence of the powers of the natural elements, and of the structure of the human mind, with the attributes and natures of those artificial deities. The enormous edifices of Egypt, built probably for the purposes of science, were

undoubtedly regarded by the vulgar with all the astonishment of ignorant curiosity, and their sculptured characters investigated with all the conjectures of superstitious credulity. What to the learned were perhaps no more than the observations of some enlightened mind, or some instructions relative to science, were to the uninformed a field of conjecture, replete with such hints as the various attitudes and forms of the several hieroglyphic objects supplied. Those whom power, riches, or virtue, had entitled to respect and superiority, were seen to pay particular attention to these hieroglyphics; the multitude therefore soon regarded them with awe; the defacing them was accounted sacrilege, and adoration, to the simple, seemed due to objects which all revered.

Thus that mythology which is now thought trivial, and only fit for the common-place book of a school-boy, had its commencement in the highest chambers of literature, and was sent forth to conciliate and instruct. It must, however, be acknowledged, that many of the fables which have afforded matter for poetry, and have been sung and re-sung by successive bards, originated in the oral histories of barbarous nations, when ignorance heard and believed all the tales of folly and of interest. Yet even in those parts of history which fable has most contaminated, truth often appears struggling for existenee, while the unauthorised historian dares not assist her efforts, since fables ever dissimilar, though relating the same event, seldom leave a single fact, either firm or extended enough to support an argument. Modern authors have therefore agreed almost totally to neglect the rude traditions of unlettered barbarians, and the poetic relations of historic bards, as impenetrable mists or dazzling exhalations. History gains in authenticity and dignity by the rejection of such spurious legends, but poetry is a sufferer by the pride of her sister. Many of her embellishments have been demolished, because the events out of which they grew were no longer protected by the power of history. She has now to seek authority for her fictions, in the works of her illustrious sons of Greece and Rome, who have stamped an authenticity upon whatever they have touched, and have conferred a permanency to fable which even truth reveres. The fables that are found in Homer and Virgil, nay, almost the vast stories of Ovid, may be re-told in modern compositions without condemnation, although an accusation should be set up in the critical court of having plundered the school-boy's common-place book. These illustrious authors have indeed become the common-place book of the universe; and we have as just a right to make a liberal use of their contents, as to make transcriptions from that other great common-place book, *the volume of Nature*. To use them, however, in preference to Nature, is pedantry; to misapply them, folly; and literally to copy them, is plagiarism. Milton has authorised their service in English poetry by frequently calling in their aid as auxiliaries to his truly divine poem, where the nature of his subject allowed them only the secondary station: and in our own days a proof has appeared, that all the known supernatural machinery may with propriety and effect be used or alluded to in the same work. The proof I mean, is that beautiful poem, the Botanic Garden, of which the principal are, though perhaps not strictly, the elementary beings of the Rosi-crucian Philosophy, while illustrations are drawn promiscuously from ethics or from holy writ. The *Divorum Mars, Bacchus, Apollo,* of many poetasters, might indeed be ridiculed, were they not beneath criticism; but to introduce the ancient fictions, with a view to their pristine significations, might tend to restore them to the dignity they once deserved; it might elucidate many passages of the classics, and increase their value; it might unlock the repositories of antiquity, and recover much of that knowledge which has been concealed in the oblivion of three thousand years.

SOLUTION OF THE INQUIRY,
"WHO WAS THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK?"

SIR,

EVERY reader must, without doubt, be acquainted with Voltaire's account of the person known by the name of the *Man with the Iron Mask*, concerning whom so many contradictory conjectures have been circulated during the last century. The history of the same extraordinary character, attributed to the Marechal de Richelieu, in which he is stated to be the twin brother of Louis XIV. is equally familiar to the public. Some, on the other hand, have asserted, that he was the Duke of Beaufort, who fell at the siege of Candia; while others have maintained, that he was the Count de Vermandois, the son of Louis XIV. by Mademoiselle de la Valiere, who is reported by the author of the *Memoirs of Persia*, to have been snatched from human society for having struck the Dauphin. The fact is, that the Count de Vermandois died in the camp before Dixmude, and was solemnly interred at Arras.

Various have been the attempts to resolve a

problem in which human curiosity has taken a considerable degree of interest. Some particulars, however, which have been recently published on this subject by a French writer, M. Desodoards, seem to have completely elucidated a point which has so long remained a subject of doubt. They are as follow:—

"In the first moments which followed the taking of the Bastille, in 1789, all the doors of that prison were thrown open; the archives, the preservation of which would have been of such service to history, were at the mercy of people incapable of suspecting their importance. Some spectators, more curious than the rest, picked up different papers, among which were simple cards, signed by Ministers, or by other persons. They contained notes relative to the prisoners.

"One of these cards, marked with the number 4,389,000, contained these words:—*Fouquet arrivant des iles de Sainte Marguerite avec un masque de fer*;—that is, Fouquet coming from the islands of St. Margaret with an iron mask. This was followed by X. X. X. and underneath was *Kersadion*. I saw this card in the hands of the person who found it, and who refused to part with it, in spite of all my intreaties to that effect. I took with a pencil an accurate copy of the card, which exhibited no particular character of authenticity, but which, however, is a document of moral conviction, since it affords a complete solution of the difficulties relative to the *Man with the Iron Mask*, which could never before be satisfactorily explained.

"It is well known that the *surintendant*, Fouquet, was conveyed to the citadel of Pignerol, at that time belonging to France. After remaining there several years, he found means to escape, and no person could ever tell where this celebrated exile expired. This fact is attested in the Memoirs of Gourville, the intimate friend of Fouquet. It is very probable that Colbert, who had sworn the destruction of Fouquet, might have found means to apprehend him in some foreign country, and to imprison him at St. Margaret's, from which place he was conveyed to the Bastille, when the former *Commandant* of Pignerol was made Governor of that prison; he was capable of satisfying the vindictive Comptroller-General, that his new prisoner was actually the same that had been before given in charge to him. Voltaire observes, that at this period no person of distinction disappeared in Europe: the disappearance of Fouquet took place in the year 1664. With respect to his iron mask, this expedient was probably adopted during the journey, to conceal the irregular seizure of the man in a foreign country. It would be ridiculous to suppose that he wore a mask of iron all his life. It is incontestible that his face would soon have become inflamed, and that a mortification would have put a speedy end to his captivity.

"The manner in which Voltaire relates this adventure gives it a romantic air. But is it probable that a punctilious etiquette would have been observed towards a prisoner, whose fate was intended to be kept an everlasting secret? How are we to know whether it be true that Louvois remained standing out of respect during his interview with the *Man with the Iron Mask*? Who can tell whether Chamillart pronounced it to be a secret of State? Voltaire was fond of giving an air of importance to the anecdotes which he received from people about the Court. The love of the marvellous has, in fact, converted a very simple story into an extraordinary adventure.

"Fouquet was born in 1615.—If the *Man with the Iron Mask* died, as we are informed by Voltaire, in 1704, that Minister must have lived eighty-nine years. His mother, Marie de Meaupou, died in the 91st year of her age."

I am, Sir, &c.

G— M—.

ACCOUNT OF THE ALMANACK OF LIEGE.

Sir,

No work, perhaps, ever had such an extensive circulation in this country as the celebrated Almanack of Francis Moore, to whose extraordinary predictions thousands are accustomed to look up with such implicit confidence and veneration. It is far from being generally known that a counter-part to the lucubrations of the English Astrologer exists on the Continent, in the Almanack of Liege, by Matthew Laensberg, which there enjoys an equal degree of celebrity; and it is by no means improbable that our countryman originally borrowed the idea from the German Philosopher, whose publication is of a date considerably older.

Whether the name of Laensberg is a real or an assumed name is a matter of great doubt. The latter supposition is favoured by a tradition preserved in the family of the first printers of the work, which ascribes it to a Canon of St. Bartholomew, at Liege, who lived about the conclusion of the 16th century, or at the beginning

of the 17th. This is further corroborated by a picture of a Canon of that Church which still exists, and which is conjectured by many to represent the inventor of the celebrated Almanack of Liege. Figure to yourself an old man, seated in an arm-chair, his left hand resting on a globe, and his right holding a telescope. At his feet are seen different mathematical instruments, several volumes and sheets of paper, with circles and triangles drawn upon them. His eyes are large and prominent; he has a dull, heavy look, a nose in the form of a shell, and large ears, which are left uncovered by a greasy cap. His large mouth, half open, announces surliness and pedantry; frightful wrinkles furrow his face, and his long bushy beard covers an enormous band. This man is, besides, muffled up in an old cassock, patched in several places. Under his hideous portrait was the inscription, *D. T. V. Barthalomæi Canonicus et Philosophiæ Professor.*

Such is the picture given by a person who examined this portrait, and who, though he was at the pains to search the registers of the Chapter of Liege, was unable to find any name that at all corresponded with the above designation. Hence it may be fairly concluded, that the Canon, whose portrait has just been exhibited, assumed the name of Matthew Laensberg, as well as the title of Professor of Philosophy, for the purpose of publishing his Almanack, with the prognostications, which have rendered it so celebrated.

The earliest of these Almanacks that is known to exist is of the year 1636. It bears the name of Matthew Lansbert, Mathematician, and not Laensberg, as it is now written. In the middle of the title is seen the portrait of an Astronomer, nearly resembling that which is still placed there. After the printer's name are the words, *with permission of the superior powers.* This is repeated in the eleven first Almanacks, but in that for 1647, we find, *with the favour and privilege of his Highness.* This privilege, granted by Ferdinand of Bavaria, Prince of Liege, is actually inserted; it gives permission to Leonard Streete to print Matthew Laensberg's Almanack, and forbids other printers to make copies of it, upon pain of confiscation, and other penalties.

The name of this prophet is spelt Lansbert in the first Almanacks, but it has since been regularly written Laensberg. It is to this privilege of the Prince Bishop of Liege that Voltaire alludes in these lines of his Epistle to the King of Denmark:—

Et quand vous écrirez sur l' Almanac de Liège,
Ne parlez des saisons qu'avec un privilége.

The four first pages of that for 1636 are occupied by a piece entitled, *The Twelve Celestial Signs governing the Human Body.* Cancer, for instance, governs the breast, the belly, and the lungs, with all their diseases. This was, at that time, the fashionable system of Astrology, which was succeeded by many others equally ill-founded, and equally popular. But a fact, that could scarcely be believed, were it not stated in an advertisement prefixed, is, that the physicians manifested a jealousy lest the prophet of Liege should extend his dominion over the healing art. They obtained an order that every thing relating to the influence of the Celestial Signs on diseases should be suppressed; and this retrenchment took place, for the first time, in 1679. The principal part, however, is still preserved, and still ensures the success of this wonderful performance; it consists of the general predictions concerning the variations of the seasons, and the occurrences of the year. In each month are marked the days when there will be rain, and those that will be dry; whether there will be snow or hail, high winds, storms, &c. It is to this part which Sterne alludes in his Tristram Shandy, when he says, "I have observed this 26th of March, 1759, a rainy day, notwithstanding the Almanack of Liege."

The general predictions mention the occurrences that are to take place in every month.—Accident has frequently been wonderfully favourable to the prophet; and he owes all his reputation and celebrity to the luck of having announced the gaining of a battle, or the death of some distinguished person. The anecdote of Madame Du-barri, at that time all-powerful at the Court of Louis XIV. is not a little singular.

When the King was attacked with the malady which put an end to his life, that Lady was obliged to leave Versailles. She then had occasion, says the author of her life, to recollect the Almanack of Liege, which had given her great uneasiness, and of which she had suppressed all the copies she was able. Amongst the predictions for the month of April, in that Almanack, was the following, "A Lady, in the highest favour, will act her last part." She frequently said, "I wish this odious month of April were over." According to the prediction, that favourite acted her last part, for the King died in the following month, in May, 1774.

I am, &c.

P— M—.

PRESENT MODE OF FEMALE EDUCATION CONSIDERED.

SIR,

AT a time, and in an age when the female mind, generally speaking, is much more under the influence of sentiment than principle; and when the mode of female education appears to be much better calculated to confine the sex to a *secondary* instead of a *primary* place in the order of rational beings, I shall in no respect think my time or labour either mispent or misapplied by endeavouring to stimulate the female mind to the acquisition of principles that may render both sentiment and feeling subservient to solid sense, refined taste, correct judgment, and true humanity.

As beings endowed with reason, and consequently capable of the highest degree of intellectual improvement, the female sex is in no respect inferior to our own. And where there is a discernable inferiority, the cause of such inferiority will, if critically enquired into, be found to originate either in an improper mode of education and study, or an inexcusable indulgence of parents.

Daily to examine, and carefully to watch, the improvement of the human mind, and earnestly and impartially to inquire into the cause of its assents and dissents; to investigate all its operations with a desire to discover whether its notions and its decisions are properly the effect of its own labour, or whether they are the result of impressions made by others, or by something from without us, is a very useful and a very desirable employment. It is an employment that will require care, industry, and perseverance, rather than deep thought, laborious research, or intense application. And the advantages arising from such an employment will be no less durable than valuable. They will, and must contribute very essentially to a formation and stability of conduct. They will give to the mind that confidence in its own powers which will eventually lead to just discrimination of character, to true taste and sound judgment. Indolence is the greatest enemy we have:, it is no less injurious to strength and purity of mind than to health and vigour of body. To an industrious and unremitted application of the intellectual faculties, many of the first rate characters of this and every preceding age are, and have been, more, much more indebted, than to the possession of talents in any respect naturally superior to those of their neighbours and cotemporaries.

Absolute ignorance is not the fault of the present age. Knowledge of the lighter kind is more universally diffused than at any former period. It is taught more expeditiously than heretofore. But the knowledge that is hastily and superficially acquired ought never to be considered as our *own* until we have made it such by reflection, study, and investigation. For it is not knowledge, but it is the proper application of it, that gives a visible and decided ascendency of advantages to those whose talents are continually employed in giving strength and effect to the powers of the human understanding. Minds that success greatly elates, or misfortunes greatly depress—minds that trifles can divert, and opinions can influence, can never have been properly formed. In these cases the work of education has done little or no good. Indeed it may be doubted whether in such instances it has not done an essential and almost irremediable injury.—Where there are great inconsistencies there may be great talents, but there must also be great weaknesses. And as the female world has long been distinguished by the appellation of the *weaker* sex, I should feel myself exceedingly happy if I could but prevail on it to adopt a resolution so to exercise its powers of investigation as to be no longer deserving of the appellation. Great and sudden changes from one extreme to another, whether in point of sentiment, of opinion, or of fashion, are equally indicative of real weakness of mind. A fashion that a great mind dislikes, a great mind will never adopt. Whenever the dress, the manners, or the principles, of a frivolous, an unsteady, and an imbecile people are adopted, their weaknesses, their instabilities, and their frivolities will soon be generated, and the mass of mankind corrupted and undone. Neither sex can be at the same time frivolous *without* and sound *within*. Where there is inconsistency, there the head must be wrong or the heart corrupt. Nothing could occasion me more pain than to draw inferences that are in any degree erroneous. But when we see more, abundantly more attention paid to the graces, accomplishments, and decorations of the person and the fashion of the times, than to the virtues of the heart, the correctness of judgment, or the energies of the mind, we cannot but wish, for the sake of posterity, that some able pen would recal us from the paths of momentary pleasure and temporary elevation, to the study and practice of those principles which will insure to us domestic happiness, social harmony, and universal respect; which will give to virtue an ornament more valuable than the graces can

bestow, and to character a dignity which nothing can injure or destroy.

It is on the character and the conduct of the fair sex that man must principally found his hopes of the aggregate of virtue and solid principle that is to be looked for in posterity. It is woman that has the care, almost exclusively, of our younger years; and it is to women principally that all eminently religious and good characters are primarily indebted for the origin and foundation of their subsequent greatness. Take from women all share in the education and guardianship of children; and religion, I doubt not, would soon be scarcely visible amongst us. How much then ought we to endeavour by every possible means, accurately to estimate the superior value of a well formed female mind, and to give to the character all the weight and importance which is so justly and so eminently due to it? Exclusively of religion, in what can the most pure and the most perfect happiness of man in this life consist, but in the endearing society of the female world! By this society the enjoyments of prosperity are heightened, and the sorrows of adversity wonderfully alleviated. In trouble, how much more firm; in sickness, how much more patient; in pain, how much more composed; in danger, how much more firm and resigned, generally speaking, are women than men! Their attachments, when founded on a worthy object, and arising from virtuous principles and affections, no words can adequately describe. Nor is it in the power of art or of language to communicate to man that variety of pleasures, and that desirable and complete system of happiness, which is to be derived from virtuous and good women. In every walk, and in every stage of life, we receive fresh bounties of pleasures, of the most interesting and affecting kind, from their presence, conversation, and society. In our boyish days, what new delights, what added charms, have not their attentions frequently given to our accustomed sports and pastimes? How often has a look of approbation and a smile of applause, from them, made us more daring in our attempts, and more persevering in our exertions? And their presence is more coveted in proportion as their value is more known. By them the spring of life unfolds to us all its charms, while imagination blossoms in all the purity of beauty, and every returning year brings us nearer to the object of our best affections. By them the pleasures of manhood fasten on the heart, and become intrinsically valuable; whilst its cares and its troubles, its pains, its sorrows, and its disappointments are divided, eased, and lightened. In age, no abatement of affection is experienced; no assiduous attentions dispensed with. And if in the partner of our youth we have the happiness to behold, as we advance towards the confines of the grave, the affectionate wife, the discreet parent, the cheerful companion, and the faithful friend, life itself continues to be precious and desirable, because it dissolves not the union which alone makes it truly valuable.

The influence which women have in society, if virtuously and prudently applied, would be fully sufficient to effect a total reformation of manners in the world. In the presence of a virtuous woman the most abandoned profligate is under a restraint that he cannot break through, without descending from the man to the brute; nor does it scarcely ever happen that the least disrespect is shewn to a female, of any description, who does not omit to respect herself. Dress, manners, and conversation, denominate character; and however inclined ladies may be to display a certain playful levity of disposition, an apparent indifference to the sober opinion of the world, and an ardent propensity to appear in whatever dress may be considered to be most fashionable, it sometimes happens that the exterior of manners and fashion bears no correspondent resemblance to the interior of virtue and principle. All external deviations from decency and propriety bespeak similar internal deviations from rectitude and honour. Decency and virtue should ever go hand in hand; for when they separate, the barrier of security is thrown down, and the treasure of the citadel remains to be contended for by every unprincipled by-stander.

The husband who wishes to live happily with the partner of his days; the father who wishes to enjoy in its fullest extent the society of his daughters; and brothers who wish to see respectability attached to the character and deportment of their sisters, can neither of them feel happy, when the manners and the dress of either are calculated to give birth to ideas that even only border on indelicacy or indiscretion.

In every point of view I feel the subject before me to be highly interesting and important. It involves in its discussion the most effectual means of establishing, promoting, and securing, on the most solid foundation, the domestic and the social happiness of the present and of future ages. By giving *mind* to the fair sex, we shall make them equal to any thing that is attainable by rational beings; and by making them acquainted with their own powers, consequence, and influence in the scale of creation, they will gradually become more dignified, and less assuming; more elevated, and less haughty; more amiable, and less trifling; more useful, and less capricious; more exquisitely fascinating, and less indelicately fashionable.

I am, &c. L— C—.

ALZADIN:

OR,

THE MAZE OF LIFE EXPLORED.

Hail, solemn scenes of night, exclaimed Alzadin, as he arose from the couch of his rest and wandered into the garden of roses. Your silent grandeur is more congenial to my mind than all the pomp of wealth. Often as I have breathed your refreshing gales, yet still they waft inspiration and peace to my soul. How delightful to rove amidst these solitary bowers, attended by heavenly meditation! to contemplate the skies; and trace no clouds of darkness; to examine my secret thoughts, and discern no stain of corruption! Innocence! how sweet is thy reward! Thy hand opens the spring of true delights, and spreads a lovelier glow over the face of creation, while the soul of thy votaries, expanded and endowed with celestial faculties, awakes to higher feelings of joy, pure as thyself. Oh! be thou my guide through the bewildering mazes of life! lead me far from the crowded paths of vain pleasure to the solitary abode of peace and virtue! And thou, beloved prophet of God, listen to the prayer of youth; let it sound in thy ear like the pleasant voice of the nightingale, wafted by the gales of night to thy gardens of bliss, while sleep has charmed to rest the songsters of the grove. Send the Angel of Innocence to hover around me; bid him spread his snowy wings over my youthful head, and speak in dreams and visions instruction to my soul.—It is my only prayer, prophet; the only wish my heart has formed."

"And Allah grants thy demand," replied, with mild expression, a seraphic voice, that thrilled every spring of Alzadin's bosom with delight; "his penetrating eye reads the inmost secret of thy soul, and explores the field of thy desires; he has found sincerity on thy lips, and moderation in thy heart, and he smiled assent to thy prayer. Alas! said his holy prophet, a mortal voice invokes thee from the lower gardens of existence; long has man despised thy gifts, insulted thy sanctity, and by his vices exiled thee from guilty earth. Resume thy ancient sway over his yielding soul; descend on the wings of gladness to the garden of roses, and twine around Alzadin's brow thy flowery garlands: tear asunder the veil of darkness that conceals the true nature of things; expose to his sight the secret springs whence flow all human actions, and shed upon his soul the fruitful dews of science, knowledge, and virtue!"

He ceased, and Alzadin's eyes were opened; truth, like the first ray of the rising morn, blazed upon his soul: the secrets of the universe were unfolded, and the agents of nature stood revealed before him. Lost in wonder and astonishment, he beheld radiant legions of angels clad in celestial glory, guiding with unerring hands the silent operations of nature, and fanning with refreshing wings the panting bosom of exhausted creation. But when his timid looks rose upon the friendly messenger of Paradise, a flood of glory seemed to burst upon his senses and overwhelm his faculties. The mild, though sublime expression of his features, the blushing glow of heavenly youth that tinged his cheeks, the light that darted from his eyes, the snowy splendour of his spotless robe, struck him as with the presence of a god. His knee was bending with adoration, when the youth reproved him gently with a smile, addressing him in these words: "To Allah and his great prophet, belong thy praise, gratitude, and adorations; to me, thy confidence and love. Though blessed with higher powers, though drawing our knowledge from the fountain of all science, though no intervening clouds hide the majesty of Allah from our eyes, we are the servants of man; it is for him that we leave the fields of Paradise, where joy blooms in eternal spring, where delight swells every gale, to descend into this vale of darkness. Behold those radiant seraphims who guide through the deserts of immensity the rolling orbs that deck the firmament; listen to the music of the spheres.—It is for man they shed their rays, and, balancing each other, preserve the harmony of the universe. Contemplate these humbler spirits, placed in a station less lofty, but of equal importance to man. These watch over the birth of empires, and the fall of monarchs; brace them with the vigour of youth, exalt them to the height of prosperity, and, as heaven directs, overthrow the work of ages with a crash that shakes the world, or sink it silently into the grave. Those, born for sweeter employments, expand the bud of human understanding into bloom, and, like the vernal clouds, distil the fruitful showers of instruction upon the mind of man. Some unfold the beauties of nature; tinge, as with the blush of modesty, the snowy brow of the rose, and with the fragrance of their breath perfume her youthful bosom. Others awaken the melody of the grove, and bid the feathered songsters attune their voice to love. For whom do so many angels incessantly toil? For man; for man alone, the first, the noblest of beings when treading the

path of virtue; the last, the most ungrateful when yielding up his heart to the vain delights of vice. 'And man sleeps, unconscious of the myriads that spread their protecting wings to guard his slumbers, and waft his soul to the delightful realms of dreams and happiness. The regions of air are crowded with spirits, zealous and active in his cause; and, blinded by guilt, he thinks himself a friendless unprotected being! But thou, Alzadin, who hath deserved by the purity of thy heart to contemplate the mysterious agents of heaven, fulfilling the august functions imposed upon them by the father of nature, when woes assail thee (for thou art doomed to wander long on the wide ocean of calamity before thou canst reach the haven of rest and bliss), remember that the just is never forsaken by his heavenly guide, and that a hand mighty to save is ready to snatch thee away from the perils of the storm."

The seraphic youth touched, as he finished, the burning eye-lids of Alzadin, and the glowing vision vanished from his sight; darkness spread her veil before him, and the divine harmony of the spheres expired slowly on the breeze of night.

When light revisited his eyes, he found himself in a stately room, supported by pillars of white marble, and decorated with all the pomp of Asiatic magnificence. His heavenly guide was still at his side, but divested of all his brightness, and concealed under the dress of an officer of the palace. Alzadin soon perceived that his own person had undergone the same alteration, and was about to demand what palace contained them, and the reason of their sudden change, when Alael beckoned him to be silent.

[*To be continued.*]

FERDINAND DE GUIMARAENS.

A PORTUGUESE TALE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

During the reign of Aliaton, Ferdinand de Guimaraens was the most courageous and most amiable of Portuguese warriors. From his earliest youth, glory had been the first wish of his heart. Although he traversed both Spains, vanquished giants, broke open castles, and delivered fair captives, still the restless warrior complained of not being sufficiently active; but love soon gave another direction to his impetuosity.

One day, as he was traversing the Forest of Tomar, he overtook a knight, who followed the same route, but more slowly. Pleased at meeting a companion, he slackened his peace, and bowed to the Knight. The stranger returned his salute, but at the same time turned his horse to let him pass. Ferdinand inquired whether he was going to Lisbon? "No," answered the stranger. "Am I far from thence," rejoined Ferdinand? "Yes," was the only answer; and the conversation would have ended here, had not our hero felt an ardent desire of continuing it, precisely because the other seemed to wish to avoid it.

After several questions, Ferdinand began to praise the beauty of the arms and the horse of the Knight, who thanked him with great modesty, but in a very laconic manner. Ferdinand was out of temper; he spurred his horse with violence, that he might at least induce the stranger to inquire the cause of it; but the poor animal galloped to no purpose, the silent traveller continued to walk his beast, without even turning his head. In this manner the two warriors travelled for a league.

At last, losing all patience, Ferdinand addressed the obstinate stranger: "Sir," said he, with a tone of pique, "the coldness with which you treat me, proves that you have little esteem for me. I cannot support your contempt; and if you think me unworthy of conversing with you, you will not, perhaps, refuse to break a lance with me."

"I cannot despise you," answered the Knight, without betraying any emotion, "since you are perfectly unknown to me; long conversations are tiresome, but a challenge never displeases me. Let us only make haste, for night approaches, and I intend to sleep far from hence." "I am sorry to detain you," said Ferdinand, with an air of coolness; and at the same time, preparing his lance, he withdrew to a proper distance, and rushed like lightning on the stranger.

The warriors' lances were broken; their scymetars glittered, and a thousand redoubled blows made their shields resound.

Ferdinand was vain of the beauty of his armour; his breast-plate, of the finest steel, was covered with nails of silver; his helmet was surmounted with a golden cock, that bore a superb plume; the same bird was painted on his shield, with these words, *War and Love.* The blows given by the stranger had already shattered the

ornaments of his helmet, when, enraged at the sight, he quitted the reins of his horse, and, seizing his sword with both his hands, he smote with all his vigour the head of his antagonist. The blow was terrible; but it slided over the steel, and only tore the vizor away; the helmet rolled in the dust. A profusion of auburn hair fell upon the shoulders of the disarmed warrior, a pair of large blue eyes were now turned upon Ferdinand, and easily regained the victory which he fancied had declared for himself. Trembling he let the sword fall from his hand; he alighted, and throwing his helmet away, remained on his knees, overcome with admiration.

Ferdinand was handsome. The fire of courage shone in his eyes; the emotion occasioned by the pleasure of having conquered, and the fear of having wounded his antagonist,—his attitude, his surprise, all conspired to render his appearance more interesting. The heroine looked at him and blushed, but immediately assumed a smile; and, presenting her hand gracefully, "Rise, Sir Knight," said she, "you are the conqueror: it is I who should ask my life of you." "Alas!" replied he, "I feel but too much that mine will henceforth depend upon you." Saying this, he returned her the helmet, and remounting his horse, they pursued their journey without speaking, but not without a conviction that this would be the last time they should fight together.

The lovely warrior was the Princess Elvira, daughter to the King of Galicia; no knight surpassed her in courage; no female equalled her in beauty; her heart was yet untouched by love.

Ferdinand's fine features, the respect, the love she read in his eyes, occupied Elvira. For the first time she wished to please, and pretending that her broken helmet incommoded her, she hung it on the saddle, that her beauty might shine unveiled upon the enamoured Ferdinand. A thousand questions, a thousand ideas crowded on his mind, but expired unuttered on his lips. His eyes sought Elvira's, but as soon as they met, they were averted with fear and respect. How short was the road to Ferdinand, and even to Elvira! The sun had long since set; night was stealing from them the pleasure of gazing upon each other, when they arrived at the entrance of a magnificent castle.

Summer was the season of the year; the sun, since the first dawn of morn, had shone without a cloud; that day, the happiest of Ferdinand's life, had reanimated all nature; but the exhalations of the burning earth rose in vapours upon the horizon. Afar off were heard the low murmurs of thunder, the trees were gently agitated, and their rustling branches seemed to augur the fate which threatened them. The sky, involved in darkness, lost at every moment some star; its gloomy vault was rent by lightning: every thing announced the coming storm, and our travellers were unconscious of it, when a sudden clap of thunder illumined the dark turrets of the castle. Ferdinand proposed to seek an asylum in its walls, and Elvira consented; but the drawbridge was raised, and a moat, wide and deep, defended its entrance. Our knight sounded the horn, and immediately appeared at the top of a tower, by the light of a shining torch, not a deformed dwarf, such as at that period were kept for pages, but the most beautiful child. In one of his hands he held a lighted brand; in the other he carried a small bow. "Sir Knight," cried he, "I am the owner of this castle; I alone am sufficient to defend it against all the Kings of the earth. With this bow I could conquer the stoutest Knights of the universe. There is, however," added he, smiling, "one method of finding an asylum here.—Two lovers who, at my gates, will swear eternal love, may be secure of becoming my guests. It belongs to you to determine whether you will enter."

At these words Ferdinand looked at Elvira, who, without answering, turned her horse, and slowly re-took the path they had left. Our hero thanked the child, and sorrowful and silent followed his mistress.

The thunder still continued; the lightnings glittered, the winds roared, and the rain fell in torrents. The proud Elvira descended from her horse, and seated herself at the foot of a tree, and notwithstanding the thunder and the storm, she fell asleep, or at least pretended to dose. Ferdinand stood before her; he turned his eyes towards the sumptuous castle where they might have been sheltered from the storm, and without daring to complain, he endeavoured to devise some means of conducting Elvira thither.

While they were indulging in reveries, which perhaps were of a similar nature, the sound of a horn was heard. Elvira rose in an instant; both looked towards the place whence the sound seemed to proceed; and by the flashes of lightning they descried a knight, who blew the horn with all his might. The child soon appeared on the tower, and repeated the same words to the knight which he had addressed to Ferdinand. "Open, open," replied a young damsel, who rode behind the knight; "open quickly—I am Zulmina, and this is my beloved Abindarres; we have long since sworn eternal love."

The bridge was lowered instantly; Zulmina and her lover passed, and the bridge was drawn up after them. Darkness returned; Ferdinand sighed; Elvira dared not sigh, but resumed her seat, and the rain fell faster than ever.

Our lovers awaited the dawn of day in silence: it appeared at last, and scarcely had the morn tinged the east, when Elvira re-mounted, followed by Ferdinand. As they passed before the castle, the happy Abindarres and the tender Zulmina were continuing their journey. Both, in the bloom of youth, lovely, refreshed, and charmed with the asylum they had left, bowed to Elvira and Ferdinand, who, wet, pale, and fatigued, gravely returned their salute. "I reproach myself," said Elvira, angrily, "for not having forced my way into this castle." "If we return," rejoined Ferdinand, "I promise to spare no means of getting admittance thither."

In fact, the sole idea of conducting Elvira to the castle, occupied his mind; but the windings of the Forest of Tomar were so intricate, that he despaired of mastering the labyrinth. He wished to leave some mark on the ground, which could point out the track; but a knight carries nothing but his arms. Love at last inspired him with a device for which he afterwards paid dearly.

He unscrewed all the silver nails which held the various pieces of his armour, and strewed them unperceived upon the road.

Desirous to break their long silence, which she began to find fatiguing, Elvira intimated a wish of knowing his history. Ferdinand related it with a charming sensibility and modesty. He touched lightly on his exploits, and carefully avoided mentioning the fair mistress he once had.

Elvira, in return, acquainted him with her birth, and the cause of her wandering life. She had fled from her father's court, to avoid the addresses of a knight, notorious for his ferocity—the renowned Rostubald, son of Fervagus. Proud of his birth, gigantic stature, and invincible strength, he had aspired to the possession of her hand: and the King of Galicia, too timorous to offend Rostubald by a refusal, had promised him his daughter; but the young princess, listening only to her aversion, fled from every place where she might chance to meet her detested lover.

The fair warrior's relation added fuel to the fire that raged in Ferdinand's bosom.

During their conversation, Ferdinand had unscrewed all the nails of his armour, which was now about to fall to pieces. But why should he concern himself? Elvira was in every thought, and his only desire was to be able to lead her back to the castle.

They now beheld through a vista of trees a Knight mounted on a fiery courser; who, as soon as he perceived them, galloped quickly onwards. Elvira looked at him, and uttered a loud scream; it was Rostubald. Rivals know each other without having met.

The fierce Rostubald cast a furious glance upon Elvira, and advanced with his drawn sword towards Ferdinand. He was struck, and staggered under Ferdinand's heavy blows; but his arms resisted, while those of his antagonist were easily opened by his sword, which penetrated deep into the bosom of the unfortunate lover, who fell bathed in his blood, and turned his closing eyes towards Elvira to implore vengeance. "Feeble rival," exclaimed the ferocious conqueror, "you trusted to the courage of your mistress; you did not think yourself obliged to defend *her*. Die, coward,—but first behold her in my arms."

He said; and alighting from his horse, advanced towards Elvira. Despair, rage, and love inflamed the heart of the heroine.

"Do not approach," exclaimed she, "but defend yourself."

Elvira was no longer a woman; it was Mars who in his rage conquered every thing that opposed him. The armour of Rostubald was broken, his blood stained his breast-plate; he paused whether he ought to fly or to treat her as an enemy. At last terror and fury prevailed; he attacked her, and returned all her blows; and the two champions seemed so inveterate that death alone could terminate the fight.

Justice and love triumphed: astounded by Ferdinand's blow, and wounded by those of Elvira, Rostubald could no longer resist the valiant Amazon; he staggered at the moment she felt her vigour diminish; she perceived it, and collecting all her strength, she pressed him with more ardour. He fell on his knees, and begged his life. "No, traitor!" replied the maid; and plunged her sword in his heart.

Delivered from her foe, she ran to Ferdinand, who lay senseless on the ground; knelt by his side, and her burning tears fell upon his wound without affording any relief; his eyes were shut, his mouth half opened; he could scarcely breathe, and his blood flowed abundantly. Elvira endeavoured to stop it, and tore the veil which she wore under her armour to bind up her lover's wound. She laid her hand upon his heart, but nothing could inspire a feeble hope. "Perhaps Ferdinand had breathed his last!" Her mouth approached his to try whether he still breathed; her lips touched his. "Oh! Ferdinand! that kiss restored you to existence! it awoke all your faculties, which seemed frozen by the hand of death; you opened your eyes, and transported with joy, Elvira ran to the neighbouring stream and brought you the cooling liquor in her helmet. "Live for me, my friend," exclaimed she, "live for my happiness!" "These words gave fresh vigour to your exhausted limbs; you gazed with more than gratitude upon her, you pressed her

hand, and your eyes declared what your lips could not pronounce!"

Elvira was calling for assistance to convey her lover to the next village. "No, no!" said Ferdinand, in a feeble tone, "let us rather return to the castle." Elvira blushed, and declared she was ignorant of the way. "I foresaw you would forget it," replied the wounded knight; "but the shining nails of my armour will guide you thither: I strewed them on the road that I might be able to re-conduct you to the Castle of Love."

Elvira, who now understood the cause of Ferdinand's defeat, shed tears of tenderness and affection. Without answering, she cut several strong boughs, with which she made a litter, placed it upon the horses of Ferdinand and his vanquished rival; and laying the bleeding Knight upon it, followed with the charge, so dear to her heart, the track of the silver nails.

As soon as they arrived, the child appeared as before on the tower. Elvira did not allow him time to speak; "Open," cried she, "we will love for ever!" At the words, *for ever*, the gates flew open; Ferdinand's heart palpitated with bliss as he passed the bridge. The care bestowed upon him by the inhabitants of the castle, and the tender and assiduous attentions of Elvira, soon restored him to health; and after a month of repose, they thanked the lovely child, and hastened to the court of Elvira's father, who united them for ever.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE, OR ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Concluded from Page* 14.]

Of the propensity of women to dress.—Her elegant and delicate figure charms the eye while it awakens desire; and the bosom of this new Hebe, agitated by a sentiment which she cannot define, fills the soul with involuntary perturbation. Tell me, what art is capable of embellishing this celestial perfection? Would you cover it with gold and diamonds? Would you load it with a parasitical luxury? O, no!—every ornament would conceal a grace, would rob it of a charm. A simple and light robe, complacently accommodating itself to her ravishing form; hair, turned up with taste or flowing gracefully, a single rose—and you will behold one of those elegant and airy nymphs with which Albano has embellished his lovely compositions.

All that contributes to heighten the beauty of women, all that sets off to advantage the charms and gifts they have received from nature, lawfully belongs to them. Every thing that renders them more brilliant and more vain, every thing that leads them to substitute the advantages of rank and opulence in the place of those which nature has denied them, tends only to aggravate their defects, to cherish their self-love, to excite rivalship, and to keep alive the prejudices of the other sex, by inducing it sometimes to give the preference to faded beauty tricked out in purple and gold; while native charms, unsophisticated by art and the embellishments of dress, languish neglected and unknown.

Some moralists have censured attention to dress; but very unjustly. It is perfectly useless to censure a propensity inherent in the nature of the fair sex, and it may even be asserted, inseparably connected with the object which nature proposed to herself; a propensity which manifested itself in the very origin of things, and which is in itself not only innocent but likewise praiseworthy. It is an indication in the individuals of both sexes, of a love of order and propriety, of esteem of themselves and respect towards others. Those who have studied the world with attention, must have remarked, that there is a constant relation between the character of a person and his dress; and hence it is extremely easy for an observer to form an opinion of persons. May we not, even amongst men, distinguish at once the wise man by his simple, decent exterior, equally free from puerile affectation and cynical negligence? Is it not easy to discern him who dresses merely to please, and presents only habits in a good taste and of an elegant form; whereas the individual, dressed to shine, seeks to obtain admiration by the extravagance of his apparel, piques himself on following the whim of the day, ridiculous or not, and on a profusion of ornaments distributed without judgment.

Thus each bears about with him the stamp of his character. Is it not the same with women? Undoubtedly it is. What a picture I could here draw! But I have too good an opinion of the imagination of the ladies; they will compose this critical picture in a style far superior to what I can, and they will take much more pleasure in the occupation.

The celebrated Lavater has judiciously remarked, that those who bestow particular attention to dress, shew the same love of order and regularity in their domestic affairs. Young persons who neglect their toilette, display in this very neglect, a want of order, a mind not adapted

to the management of domestic concerns, little taste, and little amiableness. The girl who does not strive to please at fifteen, will be a disagreeable and ill-tempered woman at twenty-five. What then is it that is censurable in dress? Excess, bad taste, eagerness to follow the fashion, and the propensity to run into all extravagancies of luxury.

Of the choice of colours.—Women ought not only to adopt such colours as suit their complexions, but they should likewise take care that these colours harmonize with each other. It is particularly by this that females of taste may be discovered; habituated to dress with propriety, they possess that delicacy of feeling, that exquisite sense, which admits nothing false—nothing discordant.

A Lady who yesterday thought herself charming with a hat in an elegant taste, discovers today that she is no longer the same, though she has not changed her head-dress. The metamorphosis astonishes her; she finds fault alternately with her hat and her figure. But, my dear Madam, neither your hat nor your figure is at all to blame; they have not changed in the least. But why did I look so well yesterday?—Yesterday, Madam, the colour of your dress perfectly agreed with that of your hat; to-day a new dress forms a contrast so harsh as to produce, if I may so express myself, an optical dissonance, as disagreeable to the eye as a false chord in music is grating to the ear.

Of paint.—If ever paint were to be proscribed, I should plead for an exception in favour of *rouge*, which may be rendered extremely innocent, and may be applied with such art as sometimes to give an expression to the figure which it would never have without that auxiliary. The colour of modesty has many charms; and in an age when women blush so little, ought we not to value this innocent artifice, which is capable at least of exhibiting to us the picture of modesty? We ought to be thankful to the sex, which, in the absence of estimable virtue, knows, at least, how to preserve its portrait.

Of the bosom.—A very curious remark may be made on the opinion which is formed of beauty among different nations. In countries where the women naturally have full bosoms, they have persuaded the men that this conformation is the highest degree of perfection; they have at length worked themselves into a belief of the same thing, and have employed every possible means to increase this natural *embonpoint*.—On the other hand, in countries where the female bosom is less full, beauty has been made to consist in this scantiness, which becomes more and more desirable among females who, from coquetry, would be poor in attractions, but rich in attire.

Of the hands.—Next to the charms of a handsome figure, a woman has a right to be proud of the advantage of a fine hand and a perfect arm. A handsome figure may be found with an ill-formed body; on the contrary, a fine hand and arm scarcely ever accompany any but a perfect whole. From a sight of the hands alone of a female, it is possible to judge to what class she belongs. Thick fingers, a large and broad hand, announce obscure birth. The hand is an implement bestowed on us by nature; this implement is employed in doing every thing; but, from a very singular poperty, this implement assumes a different from according to the purpose to which we apply it. The fingers become thick and short in the labourer and mechanic; they grow flat, and remain straight in clerks confined to the counting-house; in the midwife they appear to become smaller; in a word, there are fingers for every condition; and the experienced observer is capable of distinguishing them. But to return to the hand of a pretty woman.—A hand loaded with jewels is no longer a hand. Let young females, in particular, shun this useless luxury. Rings are chains, and these they ought not yet to wear.—Among the Romans, the female youth wore no bracelets till they were betrothed.

CROSS PURPOSES: A Dialogue.

I have to inform you, that I was married since I saw you.

So much the better.

Not so much the better; for my wife proved an arrant shrew.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse; for she brought me a fortune.

So much the better.

Not so much the better; for with the money I bought a great number of sheep, which died of the rot.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse; for I sold the wool, and with the produce I built a house.

So much the better.

Not so much the better; for my house was burned.

So much the worse.

Not so much the worse; for my wife was in it.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY,

INTRODUCTORY TO A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

[*Continued from Page* 19.]

LETTER I.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

WHAT a letter, my dearest Eliza, have I received from you! what an emanation of a pure, highly gifted, and instructed mind! I am, it is true, standing on the threshold of the great, the fashionable, and the busy world, and looking forward into a scene full of objects calculated to produce pleasure, to flatter vanity, and seduce reflection;—yet, if I know myself, there is nothing in all its fascinating scenery, which will afford me so much pleasure as receiving a letter from you. No amusements in this proud, splendid, and gay metropolis, which will afford me such real delight, as reading the description of your calm, innocent, and dutiful occupations. Whilst every pleasure I enjoy, every society I frequent, and every gaiety of which I partake, will be enhanced in proportion, as I think that the description of them will be interesting to you, and tend to enliven the moments of that excellent being, whose parental care, tenderness, and indulgence, we have experienced without remission, till that visitation of Heaven, which has made him almost as dependant upon us, as we have been upon him. He has done his duty;—we shall do ours; and I now consider myself as performing a part of it.

From the general turn and character of those with whom I have communicated since my arrival in Portman-square, I should not venture to declare the real sentiments of my heart to any of them, as they would be considered unnatural or affected. It is a darling sister to whom I could say, with the certainty of being believed, that, without professing an insensibility to those amusements which are presenting themselves to me; without assuming a philosophic inattention to myself, or pretending to disdain the attentions of others;—without declaring myself in hostility against the power of fashion; in short, without affecting to be a stoic of twenty, I am, in fact, very seldom absent from the dear inhabitants of ———, nor scarce an hour passes without a recurring thought on you and the superior occupations in which you are employed, as well as the high satisfaction which your bosom can boast from the performance of them. I can venture to tell you, that I am thankful, truly thankful, for this sensibility; and my heart elates me while it furnishes the belief, that no power in the realms of vanity, no Syren on the stream of pleasure, can weaken its influence, or reduce its emotions.

On Thursday evening, or rather on Thursday night;—but I must make another correction, for it was on Friday morning that I was at a ball of great splendour, and crouded with fashion. Midnight was approaching when Mrs. ——— called to introduce me into this temple of pleasure; and as we were proceeding thither, what think you were my reflections?—They were as follow:—

"Eliza, after a day of filial duty, and animated tranquillity; after having made the whole of it comfortable to her father, and illuminated, as it were, by her affection the darkness of his hours, by conducting him to his chamber; and having kneeled by his bed, and implored Heaven to avert the perils and dangers of the night, has kissed his cheek, received his blessing, and is now enjoying the sleep of virtue."

But I will not tell my dearest Eliza, that I was not, after all, delighted with this scene of festivity. It really did delight me. My spirits were animated by the dance; my vanity was pleased with attentions; an occasional whisper of admiration did not escape me: and every variety of this superb entertainment found in my spirits an accordant disposition to enjoy it:—Nor will I deny the satisfaction which I received in the prospect of some promised repetitions of the same pleasure.

The rooms presented a blaze of light from lamps of various colours, arranged in every form that taste and fancy could suggest to increase the natural effect of their splendor. Festoons of artificial flowers enlivened, while the flowing draperies and gilded decorations of the furniture enriched the scene. The whole realised to my imagination some of those magical descriptions which have so often delighted us, while we have been perusing the romance of the Arabian Nights. But I shall not attempt to describe the increased effect of this festive spectacle, when I reflect on the forms which peopled the enchanted mansion! All that beauty, elegance, and accomplishment could produce was there, and heightened by attirements which could not have

been exceeded, if the Graces themselves had been called from the toilette of Venus, to display their power in the decoration of human charms.

Luxury provided the banquet, and taste adorned it; whilst nature itself had been forestalled to enhance its profusion. The flowers of spring, and the fruits of summer, were not scattered with a sparing hand, but seen in the abundance of their respective seasons. The eye and the palate were equally gratified by ornamental beauty and culinary perfection. The song succeeded; and voices, sweet as if they had been stolen from Heaven, successively enchanted us, till the renewal of the dance, which continued till the morning was so far advanced, that I began to apprehend a winter's returning light would faintly beam on our departure. You may, however, guess the hour of it, when I tell you, that on my disrobing for rest, my thoughts returned to you, with this silent ejaculation—"Here am I, amidst the languor and fatigue of pleasure, preparing to slumber through the greatest part of a day, whilst Eliza is about to rise refreshed by sleep, to perform a thousand kind and grateful duties through the course of it."

I do not, however, mean to write, as I am sure it is not in my habit to think cynically; for I was charmed with the scene which I have described, and have experienced no inconveniences whatever from its enjoyment: but my immediate object is to assure you, and your heart, my dearest Eliza, will confidently receive the assurance, that though my mind might be absorbed, for a few hours, by the passing pleasures, they were no sooner gone, than it returned with a warm and native impulse to the first object of its affection, and reposed delightfully on them.

And here I cannot but remark, on the advantage which we now derive, not merely from the admirable example of our departed mother, but from the impression which it was her principal and constant object to mark indelibly on our minds; in short, to cultivate the heart, and fill every vessel of it with affection. Whether our natural dispositions were originally good, I cannot tell; but if they were not, she has contrived, thank Heaven, to make them so. She was, indeed, often told that this design of her's might have a desirable tendency, if we were destined to pass our lives in privacy; but that it would altogether unfit us for the world, with whose arts, snares, and deceptions, these warm affections were not calculated to contend. On the theatre we should be most probably called to act, it was frequently urged to her, that doubt, precaution, and that kind of hesitation, which is only a softer name for unreserved suspicion, are the necessary weapons of the mind to guard it against those artifices which are so frequently involved in all human transactions; while the predisposition to general confidence and unreserved kindness is the most dangerous quality that a youthful mind can possess; as the gratification of it leads to consequences the most fatal to happiness.

Our mother, however, who had been schooled in the world, was not unacquainted with the human heart, persevered in forming her daughters according to her own principles. *Affection* was her watch-word; and a graduated state of it in the human character, was, in her opinion, the best preservative against the commission of evil, and the best security for practical good. Nay, without being influenced by that veneration for her, which hovers, as it were, about her tomb, and will continue to be a part of myself till I am borne to my own, my understanding dictates to me that she was right; and her wisdom is proved in this, as in every other part of her superior conduct. I feel irresistibly, incontrovertably feel, that the fear of giving pain to an honoured father and a beloved sister, must ever operate as a most powerful motive to do that, and that alone, which would give them pleasure. No temptation on earth would seduce me to commit an offence which would draw a sigh from the bosom of the one, or bring a tear on the cheek of the other. And what is this virtuous resolve, but the impulse of *affection?*

But, by way of an illustrious example of this boasted quality, who should I meet at the ball but our Devonshire friend, Lady Mary ——? You know how little she possessed of this virtue; and though there was a frolic, and unpleasant good humour about her, you cannot have forgotten how lightly she was used to treat the warm emotions of our hearts, and how she used to astonish, and sometimes even alarm us, with her unfeeling vivacity. But I must delay my further account of her till to-morrow.

To renew my description of Lady Mary ——; I must inform you, in the first place, that I found in her no alteration whatever. She is the same lively, careless, and frolicsome creature in her married, as she was in her single state. Indeed it was fortunate for me that I met her in a croud, with my mind indisposed, by the surrounding gaieties, to any serious reflection, or I should most assuredly have betrayed something like horror at the evident absence in her mind of those sentiments which, according to our notions, my dear Eliza, form its honour, its comfort, and its happiness. Not an atom of affection appeared to be there.

As we had not seen her since her marriage, I naturally mentioned that event; when she said it would have been fourteen most delightful months, if it had not been for the troublesome, aukward circumstance of being a mother, which had kept her at home a most unconscionable time, and had so totally destroyed her natural colour, that she had been obliged to wear rouge ever since. Here is more affection for you.

I had not observed her, when she flew across the room to embrace me. After a profusion of expressions, to tell me how delighted she was to see me, and as many compliments on my appearance, she eagerly inquired in what room you were, that she might hunt you out. On my replying that you were in the country with my father, she favoured you with a few strong ejaculations of pity. "But after all," continued she, and with one of her significant looks, "it is as well perhaps for you, my dear Caroline, that Eliza should remain in the country; for though you are very lovely, I always thought your sister the handsomest; though, to tell you the truth, fond as I was of you both, I loved you the best." Now, my dear sister, if you will promise not to be vain of your portion of the praise, I will engage never to boast of mine.

On my inquiries after Mr. M— and her baby, she said he was in the country on an hunting party; it was, she believed, in Leicestershire, but he had not written since his departure; and no news, she added, is good news; and besides, writing is such a fatigue! "Well, but my dear Lady Mary, tell me of your dear little boy."—"Oh, as for that, every body says it is a delightful child: but you must know the brat is a girl; and I have really been so engaged, that I have not seen it these three days but once, and that was from the window, in the nurse's arms, who was walking in the square."—Here is more and more affection for you. She then expressed her hopes that we should meet often, exchanged her card with me, and, after saying in half an hour that she was going to dance with one of the most elegant men about town, she hurried away in search of him. I have some curiosity to see her in her sober hours, if she, at present, has any; but if what I hear whispered be true, a great many melancholy ones are in store for her. More of this hereafter. I must now proceed to our cousin Henry. I wrote to him immediately after receiving your letter, and I inclose you his answer to mine.

MY FAIR COUSIN,

Your very obliging letter found me at ——, where we are on a visit of a few days; and you may be assured of all due attention being paid to the suggestions of it.

It may, however, be proper to premise, that the times in which we live are so unlike those which have preceded them, that they afford no grounds upon which to form a solid opinion. The experience of past ages is of little use in our days; and the conjectures of a romantic imagination are as likely to be right as the conclusions of thought and reflection. In short, the pantomime which is now acting on the theatre of Europe, offers such sudden, unexpected, and, I might almost say, unnatural transformations, that it appears to set at defiance all the long established laws of the political drama.

I have, for some time past, found my reason so continually baffled; I have seen such a succession of advantages gained by improbability over probability, while the course of human affairs seems to be so diverted from its ordinary channels; in short, the state of the world is so metamorphosed and so perplexed with new and scarcely intelligible combinations--that to give an opinion on the various objects, external and internal, which present themselves before us, may be considered rather as an exercise of the understanding for the amusement of oneself, than for the instruction of others. But I will do my best. Farewell, *ma belle cousine!* in a few days we hope to embrace you. In the mean time, if you write to ——, make any promise or engagements you shall think proper, and I will endeavour to fulfill them to the satisfaction of you all.—I am, as I trust you fully believe me, your very faithful and affectionate H— J—.

At length, my dearest Eliza, I bid you farewell.

THE BEAU MONDE;

OR,

A HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

[*Continued from Page 7.*]

LETTER FIRST.

LORD L— TO SIR CHARLES L—.

DEAR CHARLES,

You will scarcely inquire a reason why I left you so suddenly, together with all our friends, on Tuesday night. You will give me credit for not having put myself to the expence of posting, and the fatigues of a journey of three hundred miles, without an object in view. You will be curious to know it. Listen then—It is no other than to be made a Senator; to receive a commission from some constituents in an obscure borough of Cornwall, which I never saw, to serve them in the famous chapel of St. Stephen, which I shall possibly never enter.

My father, the old Earl, you know, has a borough in the west, and returns two members to Parliament; thus has this worthy gentleman, according to the rules of arithmetic, a three hundredth share of all the rights of legislation, governing, defending, and guarding the liberties of this powerful nation! He is one of those aristocratic demagogues, and borough bashaws, who have so long been the pride of our constitution. If I were in a scribbling humour, I would tell you the history of this borough; for it is not entirely in his Lordship's own power, though his interest commonly prevails. He did not purchase it. No: he left that for your overgrown East and West India merchants; besides he had scruples of some sort or other, and held it to be a kind of *state simony* to purchase the cure of consciences, as much as the law makes it to those who traffic in the cure of souls. His Lordship's qualms would not suffer him to buy it; he won it at a game of cards—it is true, I assure you. I have often heard the old Peer tell the story, and you know he has humour.

In his youth he was a desperate gambler, and was Vice-President of the club over which my Lord Acreless so long presided; indeed there is no question, but when the last-mentioned Peer was obliged to fly the country, for having killed in a duel a young man whom he had stript of his last shilling, that the votes of the society would have put my father at their head; but unluckily, or luckily I may rather say, the worthy Viscount Mortgage put in his claims; and producing testimonials of having ruined six heirs, and being twice ruined himself, he carried the chair hollow. My father withdrew in dudgeon, and to that very affront, perhaps, he owes his present opulence.

One of the spoils of his winnings was this same borough, which his son and heir, myself, am now about to represent. The game was whist—*nine* all. Sir Harry Foreclose staked his borough and the two representatives on the odd trick. My father found it difficult to find an equivalent; but his honour required that the bet should be taken up. The wood on his Hampshire estate, half a dozen presentations to Christ Church Hospital, and a vote in the India House, were judged an equality. Fortune decided for the Earl, and for his son to be a Member of Parliament. A vacancy has lately happened by the death of one of his representatives, and he immediately summoned me to repair to the spot, and get chosen in his room. This is the history of my present jaunt. I am now within a dozen miles of the town, and as I am stopping to change horses, seize this opportunity of giving an account of myself to dear Charles.

Your's truly,

L—.

LETTER SECOND.

LADY L— TO LORD L.

MY DEAR LORD,

The winter has again come round, and with it the necessity of my return to town. I only want the wings to fly—you will, perhaps, say to flutter; and it is in your Lordship's power to furnish them, by transmitting me some orders on your banker. With your permission, my Lord, I shall take a share in Lady Shuffle's Faro Bank; I think it will turn to account—a word I have just learned by a letter from your steward, who says the rents are all paid, and that he has no money in hand to send me. I believe he is a rogue, my Lord; he goes to church twice on Sundays, and has taken an odd whim into his head to instruct the psalm-singers of the village, Heaven knows they want it!—for I have never

endured the church since I last heard them. The stupid stuff is all this stupid village can furnish me with to write to you.

Pray, my Lord, let me know your own affairs —how your electioneering goes on, and whether you are likely to succeed. Does my uncle, Sir Hilary, give you all the support he promised ? I suppose you must drink yourselves blind to please the brutes. It is rather whimsical, methinks, that a man must loose his reason before he can become a Member of Parliament; but the misfortune of it is, to judge at least by the conduct of most of them, that they never recover it during the whole sitting. I beg pardon for troubling you with this letter, for I suppose the tumult of an election takes up all your time. Adieu, my Lord—but do not forget the orders; for I purpose to set off for London in a few days.

I am, my Lord, &c.

L—.

LETTER THIRD.

LORD L— TO LADY L—.

MY LADY,

We have carried our election, and one half the town is drunk for joy, and the other for consolation. Such is the happy spirit of a free government. Once in every seven years the whole nation may get drunk at the expence of their governors.

I never was a friend to what some people are pleased to call the liberties of their country; and Lord G— himself shall confess that I rival even him in my efforts to put an end to them. What, in fact, are these liberties? Why something that the people may sell, and what we, their governors, must buy. 'Tis a most insufferable piece of expence to us; one might almost buy a county for what it costs to become its representative However, I'll be even with them. They have cost me ten thousand pounds; and ten thousand pounds will I, by some means or other, make of them. I shall put them up to auction; and the devil may take them if he prove the best bidder.

The bearer of this will bring you the orders on my banker. As you brought me a fortune, you shall share it. You know I always hated that selfish illiberality which is but too common amongst our noblemen, and which leads them to indulge themselves in every extravagance, whilst they deny their wives and sons that little sufficiency which is necessary to their rank. This is a meanness of which I shall never be guilty, Spend as you like, Madam; I set but little limits to my own expences, and can therefore have no right to prescribe any to yours. In the name of all good, then, no more hesitation, my Lady V. in asking money of me. Let us spend with equal hand; and should our extravagance oblige us to sell, we will cut a card for the benefit of the last mortgage. The steward has no money you say! he certainly is a rogue—his hypocrisy is a strong presumption; but you must not dismiss him; for as the world goes a rogue may be useful. I wish the fellow had been a lawyer, and then his roguery might have helped us in our present election. I begin to detest this town; the fools were so honest, that they would not sell themselves; and though we had a dozen lawyers employed, the town got drunk at our expence, and then voted for the opposite party.

But now to the chief purport of my letter. Your uncle, Sir Hilary, is left guardian to his niece, your cousin, Miss Rachael. She is a Norfolk heiress, and of the immense fortune of fifteen thousand pounds; her father brought her up in the true country style, and she is totally ignorant of all the forms of fashionable life.—Plague take this letter, and my circuitous pen! but to finish all in one word. Your Ladyship is to break this young savage in; you must take her to town with you this winter, and lick the young bear into some passable shape. I have promised Sir Hilary. Have the goodness to let him see I have some influence. She will arrive at Clarebrook to-morrow night.

Dear Madam,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

L—.

LETTER FOURTH.

LADY L— TO MRS. F—.

DEAR FRAIL,

Ten thousand thanks to the dear seasons that have again brought round the month of December. It is this month that concludes the hated, though necessary period, during which fashion banishes her votaries from her true seat, the capital, and condemns them to a detestable penance in the fields and woods of the country. Horrid fields!—abominable groves!—This, you will say—or rather, like all correspondents, I will say for you, is no very poetical address. You are right, my dear, it is not so. The country and all its inhabitants are my rooted aversion. It may suit a native squire, a dunned poet, or a retiring alderman; but I am a woman of fashion, and have nothing to say to either of them.

The country to me is a necessary exile, and an escape from it a return to pleasure, splendour, and happiness. In short, I came to it with as much ill-humour as vexation could occasion, and I shall now leave it with as much pleasure as when I left my nursery, and returned from the duties of a mother to the poignant delights of a fashionable life.

Congratulate me, my dear Frail, that the time of departure is now at hand. I shall leave this place in a few days; I shall have time, however, to write you two or three letters before this event; and as I love you, I shall certainly have the charity to continue my correspondence even when returned to London.

Your disagreeable affair will prevent your coming amongst us this season; but keep up your spirits, my dear; they will talk of it but for a time, when some new adventure of the same kind will arise, and divert their scandal into another channel. Malice must always have a victim; but I have observed this difference between fashionable malice—I mean the malice of a London drawing-room, and the vulgar backbiting of a country neighbourhood. The one is content to teaze, torment, and play with its unfortunate object; the other is a bloody demon, and demands a complete sacrifice. I wish you could only hear how our country ladies treat each other's weaknesses. I have heard a harsher construction put upon an innocent whisper, than our most malignant scandal-loving coteries would affix to a masquerade assignation. Take my advice, my dear, and support your spirits: scandal must have a victim; but it is her delight, like that of the priests of old, to offer up on the altar the most pure and unspotted one. The affair will soon blow over, and you may again return to your element.

Some few prudes, perhaps, who envy you your charms and your gallant, may gratify their spleen by reminding the world of your *faux-pas*, when it has good naturedly forgiven and forgotten it. Such you know there are in all societies, who affect freezing and distant looks to their frail friends, and from their lips draw arguments of self-congratulation; "happy," as they say, "in their own good fortune, in not being that weak, wretched, undone thing, a *beauty!*"—All frivolous pretence, my dear! A handsome woman, I grant you, is subject to temptations, and like good Queen Emma, is perpetually walking over burning ploughshares. Then these odious opportunities, as the men call them—such as visits to milliners, jaunts to Windsor and Hampton Court, besides saunters in the Park by moonlight, and Kensington Garden assignations; these, I confess, afford strong instances of a fine creature's frailty:—but not to wish to be handsome for fear of being undone—pshaw, child! it would be as unreasonable not to wish to have been born, because we must one day be old. Youth and beauty were Nature's best gifts, and meant for enjoyment; and those that suffer them to rust and spoil in their possession, are guilty of contradiction to her sovereign will and pleasures.

I am summoned to supper. Good-night, dear creature!—I will write again to-morrow, and do all in my power to relieve your present dejection. Again good night, and believe me

Your sincere and affectionate friend,

E. L.

LETTER FIFTH.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DEAR FRAIL,

I HAVE just seen a friend of your's, who had the charity to turn his horses' heads towards Clarebrook, and pay me a morning visit. Can you guess who it is? I defy you, my dear. Why then, to relieve you at once, and perhaps to relieve myself by telling you—(for the eagerness to tell a secret is sometimes equal to that of hearing it)—my visitor was no other than the charming man himself! Yes, the object of your late levity—the source of your present banishment—the envy of all imitating coxcombs, the aim of all rising toasts—the gallant, gay Lothario—Sir Harry Loveday! Do you tremble, sigh, or blush? But I forgot, my dear,—you are a woman of fashion, and are therefore exempted from every feeling of nature. Nature may rise in the cheeks as she rules in the hearts of these country ladies; but as the habits of fashionable life so effectually banish her from our hearts, we have ourselves had the prudence to drive her from our faces. To give you a single instance:—how often are we under a necessity of professing what we do not mean; in other words, perhaps such as a surly moralist would use, how often must we profess an absolute l—e. Now if we could not do this without a blush, to how many inconveniences would the forms of fashionable life subject us!—But enough of this.

I gave my visitor a hearty welcome. I was eaten up with spleen before his arrival, and contriving how to kill the lagging day. I was as melancholy as the great clock in our hall—or, rather, I was like it. I had nothing now to do but count the time, whilst my former occupation was to kill it. And is it not reasonable then, my dear Frail, to pay time in its coin, and destroy that which destroys every thing else? But to Sir Harry,

After some previous bows, &c. I put a piece of civil restraint upon him; and exercising a species of hospitality I had learned in Ireland, ordered his horses to be locked up in the stable, and compelled him to stay dinner, and pass the day. He was in great spirits, and, to use a pretty strong metaphor, his wit was beaming as the sun; and, in spite of the odious foliage that stood opposite our dining-room windows, his elegant and sprightly merriment made me imagine myself already in St. James's-square. I made him repeat to me the whole of your affair, and he told me some circumstances of which I was before ignorant. He says your husband, the Colonel, followed you and himself to your milliner's, Mrs. Etching, and that he burst in upon your conversation while Sir Harry was upon his knees. You, of course, fainted. They fought. Sir Harry was desperately wounded, and the Colonel left you with a tragical and ridiculous threat that he would never return—" No, never, Madam, shall you see me again!"

Is it possible, my dear, he could have made himself so ridiculous? I really thought he had been more the man of fashion than to give into any of these foolish energies; and the *beau-monde* has hitherto been in a great error, and bestowed upon him the credit he little deserves, of having borne his misfortune with a truly fashionable indifference. My Lord Lounge, who has the most facetious knack at improving a story, tells every thing to the credit of the Colonel. He says that, on perceiving the interruption he had been guilty of, your husband bowed, and begged pardon for an intrusion on a party to which he was not invited; but as he had long owed a grudge to Sir Harry for rivalling him with a favourite opera-dancer, under the pretended feelings of an injured husband, he took an opportunity to gratify the spite of a piqued lover, and bade the Baronet draw. Sir Harry, perceiving him in a bantering humour, and being himself in a state of equal good temper, would have excused himself, and turned the matter off in that tone of raillery which the Colonel seemed to assume. Your husband, however, insisted on satisfaction; but preserving an inimitable *sang-froid* even in his obstinacy, added, in a rallying tone, " that he had laid a bet he would kill a man before he went to bed, and he could not loose so fair an occasion of winning his wager."

This was Lord Lounge's story. Whether true or not, I confess I prefer it to Sir Harry's; it sets the Colonel in a better light—it shews him possessed of those distinguishing characteristics of a man of fashion—a pleasant indifference, and a habit of elegant levity in affairs generally esteemed of the most serious nature.

But I am swelling my letter to an unusual length, and must put an end to our mutual fatigue, by assuring you that I am

Your's, most sincerely,

E— L—.

[*To be continued.*] P.147

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF A LIVING CHARACTER,

UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME.

In proportion as mankind became more civilized, the influence of women gradually increased; and it is only in the most inhospitable and unpolished countries that they are incapable of obtaining an ascendency over the actions of the other sex. Though few will attempt to controvert the truth of this observation, still fewer will deny the necessity of the greatest attention being paid to the education of the fair; for upon the morality of their principles, and the rectitude of their actions, the good of society in a great measure depends.

Were boarding-schools under the dominion of legislative authority, and licences only granted to those whose abilities and moral character qualified them for the important trust, the benefits which society would derive from such a regulation, would be greater than imagination is able to conceive. The petty schools, which actually swarm around the environs of the metropolis, are productive of more ill consequences than the power of language can describe; and I never see a little trumpery house established with the well-known characters of "*Young ladies genteelly educated,*" without considering it as a hand-post to conduct them into the path of vice.

Of all terms in the English language which admits of corruption, the word education is carried to the greatest extent; for total ignorance would be more advantageous in its consequences, than that kind of instruction which the middling classes of society receive. Of what utility can music be to the daughters of an humble mechanic? What advantage can they derive from a little smattering of French? Had they not better learn to make and mend their father's body linen, than to be wasting their time in attempting to trace the varying tints of a flower? If the evil merely rested in a total ignorance of all useful acquirements, it would not be so seriously de-

plored; but these accomplished misses, proud of their superiority, soon despise their parents for being deficient in those accomplishments which it is their misfortune to have attained; and instead of devoting their time to domestic occupations, they are too refined in their ideas to descend to any office which they consider in a degrading light.

The circulating libraries complete the mischief which these fashionable seminaries unfortunately began; and in every libertine which these luckless girls unhappily become acquainted with, they behold a Lorenzo, or an Orlando, expiring at their feet! The licentious and the profligate, perceiving the slightness of the foundation on which the sacred temple of virtue is fixed, find little difficulty in destroying the beauteous edifice, or in substituting the altar of vice in its place.

The streets of the metropolis display a striking proof of the truth of these observations: we there behold seduction stripped of all its alluring charms, and presenting a picture of the fatal effects of false education and indulged passions, calculated to shock every susceptible heart! The censure passed upon schools is not intended to include the whole number; for there are doubtless many conducted upon the most judicious plan; and if the daughters of humble tradesmen and mechanics were, instead of accomplishments, to be instructed in domestic duties, even the seminaries purposely intended for the reception of that class of individuals, would doubtless have their use; and it frequently happens that the mothers of girls in that situation are too much occupied in their husband's business to find leisure to instruct a child.

In the higher class of society, a love of dissipation is frequently so powerful, as completely to destroy every other claim; even the maternal duties are neglected, and principle sacrificed at pleasure's shrine! Schools conducted by able instructors, must then be considered of the highest utility, and may be no less advantageous to girls than boys; example improves, emulation excites attention, and the noblest faculties of the mind are called forth. But when a parent is truly a mother, and ready to sacrifice the allurement of pleasure for the benefit of her child, the advantage evidently leans to the side of private education, where opportunities hourly present themselves for the improvement of the mind.

Though I have apparently digressed from my original subject, which was to prove the influence of females upon the opposite sex, yet I mean to confirm my opinion by entertaining my readers with the history of a young lady of rank.

Elvira Beaumont had been educated under the eye of an affectionate mother with such undeviating attention and solicitous care, that the slightest propensity to error was discovered, and by admonition and representation nipped in the very bud. Nature had been lavish in her gifts to Elvira; to a person completely lovely, was united an intelligent mind, and a heart replete with every dignified virtue that can adorn the female sex. As a child, her sensibility was so susceptible, that her anxious parents trembled for her future fate; for frequently, in witnessing the boyish sports of her brothers, has the tear of commiseration embalmed the lifeless body of a bird. Lady B—, instead of encouraging, repelled these striking marks of genuine feeling. "You could only weep, my Elvira," she would say, "for the death of a friend; and though I abhor every species of wanton cruelty, yet I could never shed a tear for the loss of a bird or a cat. Sensibility almost deserves a rank amongst the virtues, but it becomes a weakness when carried to excess; and if you suffer your mind to be agitated by the untimely death of an insect, how would you support a mother's or a brother's loss?"

By this kind of reasoning Lady Beaumont conquered by degrees that exquisite sensibility, which, by indulgence, would have incapacitated her daughter for those trials to which the most affluent are exposed, and fortified her mind for those misfortunes which, at a future period, it was her lot to endure.

Nobly born, carefully educated, and possessing all those attractive graces for which females are admired, no sooner was Elvira introduced into public, than she actually enslaved all the young men's hearts. The Earl of C—'s estate joined that of Sir Edward Beaumont's; in consequence of which an intimacy between the families had taken place, long before that period when the public were first captivated by a view of Elvira's charms. Mr. Beverley, the younger son of his Lordship, had beheld the expanding beauties of this fair flow'ret from the very moment they first blew; yet, from daily viewing this masterpiece of loveliness, its attractive graces lost their charm. The buz of admiration which attended Miss Beaumont's presentation, first led him attentively to view a face, which intercourse had rendered familiar, and in which he had never discovered any thing extraordinary before.

"What a divinity! What an angel! What grace in all her motions!" burst from the lips of every beholder, as Elvira Beaumont entered the drawing-room. These eulogiums roused Mr. Beverley's attention; his eyes eagerly followed the attracting fair; and those charms which he had been accustomed to behold with indifference, suddenly seemed to partake more of the angelic

than the human kind. The drawing-room happened to be unusually crowded. He, in vain, endeavoured to discover Elvira's *compeer;* but so completely transcendent was her beauty, that all comparison only tended to evince its superior power.

Proud of appearing upon terms of intimacy with a being who had excited such universal admiration and remark, he accosted her with that familiarity which their long acquaintance authorised; and upon Lady Beaumont's retiring from the brilliant circle, exultingly conducted the lovely Elvira to her chair. Lord C——, at that period, had made a pleasurable excursion to the Continent, and was not expected home in less than six weeks; an actual age in Cupid's Calender, who converts minutes into days. In his Lordship's character many eccentricities were blended; and to epistolatory communications he had an antipathy which he did not endeavour to overcome; and to solicit a favour through pen and paper, was a certain means of having that favour denied.

Mr. Beverley's situation was, from this peculiarity, completely trying; in every company he heard the charms of Elvira praised, and likewise understood that two or three young men of the first consequence had openly solicited the fair one's hand. He resolved, therefore, to fly on the wings of love to Paris; yet it was torture to think of leaving the arbitress of his destiny surrounded by a numerous train, who, from possessing both rank and fortune, could place her in a most elevated state. As a younger son, he was aware that he lay under many disadvantages. He was, it is true, a Member of the House of Commons, and had been educated for the bar—a profession in which he was calculated to make a figure, from a peculiar elegance in the choice of language, and a perfect knowledge of the law.—Yet unsanctioned by parental authority, he could not presume to address Sir Edward Beaumont upon a subject so dear to his heart; but at length conquering that timidity which arises from genuine affection, he made her Ladyship the confidant of his hopes and his fears; and had the happiness of hearing her declare, that fortune would be a secondary consideration in disposing of the hand of her child.

Animated by this cheering declaration, and assured that Elvira's affections were disengaged, the delighted young man instantly set off for Paris, for the purpose of obtaining his father's consent, and knowing what addition he would make to his fortune, if sir Edward Beaumont did not repress the flattering hopes he had indulged.

Lord C—— was one of those phlegmatic characters who never deviate from the beaten road; and whose feelings were never under the dominion of a passion from the very hour of his birth. That his son, therefore, should for years have been in the habits of intimacy with Miss Beaumont, without discovering the situation of his heart, struck him as a circumstance so completely incomprehensible, that he actually began to fear his brain was turned; and until he had conversed with him upon different subjects, and found him completely rational, he could not conquer his fears.

Had Elvira Beaumont been totally destitute of personal attractions, she would have been a most desirable match for a younger son; for she possessed charms, which the generality of parents estimate far superior to loveliness; in short, she was presumptive heiress to an estate worth upwards of fifty thousand pounds! The old Earl, therefore, as it may be supposed, was highly pleased with the prospect of such an alliance, and did every thing in his power to promote the wishes of his son, who, on the day of marriage, received twenty thousand pounds with the lovely bride.

A dissolution of Parliament took place a few months after the union of Elvira, who would fain have persuaded her husband to resign a contest which it was evident must involve him in expences which his income could not support; as, since the last election, there had been a total change in the ministry, and the former supporters of his pretensions were no longer in power.—Relying, however, upon the professions of friendship, and too self-important to be influenced by the representations of his wife, this misguided young man, not only lost his election, but actually spent upwards of two and twenty thousand pounds.

Sir Edward Beaumont, who had foreseen the consequence of this imprudence, and who had endeavoured to dissuade his son-in-law from standing the poll, was so exasparated at seeing his daughter's fortune squandered away upon electioneering dinners, that under the impulse of passion, he cut off the entail of his estate; declaring, that a man who was weak enough to beggar his family for a seat in parliament, should never enjoy one penny of what he possessed!—Elvira, eventually, was the chief sufferer from this mark of resentment; the disappointed Beverley constantly upraided her with the injustice of Sir E——; and instead of endeavouring to render his family independent by the emolument arising from an honourable profession, indulged himself in the practice of every disgraceful vice!

Poverty and dependance Elvira could have

supported with resignation; but to see the man on whom her heart still doated with inexpressible fondness, daily sinking deeper in the ingulphing pit of vice, was a trial which required a greater portion of fortitude than so pure a nature was able to sustain. Repeatedly had she urged this lost yonng man to make exertions. "Nature, my beloved Frederick," she would say, "has endowed you with uncommon powers; why then suffer your mind to be depressed by an unexpected disappointment, when by assiduity and application, you could realise as large a fortune in a few years? My father's disposition, I know, is passionate; but his resentments are momentary, and his nature is kind; the slightest acknowledgment of your error would produce reconciliation, and I should again have the happiness of seeing you friends."

Too proud to be guided by this judicious council, yet agonized by those reflectionss which his situation naturally inspired, the bottle was resorted to, as an antidote to banish painful recollections, and drive away care. The death of Lord C—, which happened a short time after the election, had left the imprudent Beverley destitute of resource, as the present Earl and himself had never, even during the days of childhood, been upon intimate terms.

The amiable Lady Beaumont exerted her influence to induce her husband to be reconciled to her son-in-law; but every enquiry Sir Edward made into his conduct only tended to strengthen his antipathy, and fix his resolution. An annual allowance was punctually paid Elvira, and this was her only support; for Beverley totally neglected his profession, and selected his associates from the most despicable part of mankind. Yet let it not be supposed that his mind was so degenerated as to find pleasure in the society of the illiterate and obscure. No; his companions were amongst those whom a good education had enlightened, but who shamefully perverted those abilities which nature had bestowed. In short, he became a member of a Free-thinking Society, where disputations upon subjects which the Divinity has thought proper to render obscure, were every evening committed and discussed, until these unfortunate reasoners upon religion actually doubted the existence of a God! This dreadful turn, which the shining abilities of Beverley had taken, completely filled the measure of Elvira's woes; for she had not only the misery of seeing all the temporal prospects of her husband blighted, but what was far dearer to her, he was sacrificing his eternal peace.

She had endeavoured by all the argument of persuasion to raise him to make those exertions which must necessarily have insured him both fortune and fame; and though they had not succeeded, she felt gratified in the reflection of having fulfilled the duties of a wife! But more than fortune, fame, or ambition, this exemplary young woman now beheld at stake. The eternal happiness of the man, with whose interest her own was interwoven, depended upon regaining that influence which she had once possessed over his mind.

By all those blandishments of love, at once refined and delicate, Elvira endeavoured to captivate a heart which possession had rendered cold; and upon finding the amiable artifice had answered her intention, she then adopted those measures which piety and affection had pointed out. Instead of pronouncing anathemas upon her husband's atheistical associates, she mildly induced him to make her acquainted with the different subjects they had discussed; and with an inspiration almost equal to that which had been bestowed upon the apostles, from the sacred book of scripture, she refuted their remarks—"and truths divine came mended from that tongue."

The wavering Beverley listened with astonishment; every long-cherished idea underwent a sudden change;—and clasping to his breast the being who had produced this alteration in his sentiments, he exclaimed—"Oh, Elvira! I am your proselyte! from this propitious moment your husband is reclaimed! Form me—mould me—I am newly created.—Yes, most amiable of women—I denounce—I abhor my former self!" Tears of contrition marked the sincerity of this declaration—the delighted Elvira tenderly returned his embrace. But who shall attempt to paint the ecstasy of her sensations, at perceiving those talents which did honour to human nature, no longer disgraced; but rendered resplendently bright by the irradiating light of religion, and adorning a being whom she both loved and admired.

That religion and morality are intimately connected, does not admit of a doubt: the reformed Beverley is sufficient to prove the justness of the opinion; for no sooner was he convinced of the truth of his wife's argument, than his disposition seemed to change; and, instead of wasting those talents which nature had endowed him with, he felt it a duty incumbent upon him to exert them for the public good. In the course of a few years he rose to the highest eminence in his profession. Sir Edward Beaumont became proud of his son—and Elvira had the happiness of seeing her husband set an example to her children of religion, honour, and rectitude of mind.

After perusing this simple statement of matter of fact circumstances, who will venture to doubt

the influence of the female sex? or who will assert that they hold a subordinate state in society, after such an indubitable proof of their ascendency over man? In the history of Elvira there is neither novelty nor singularity? England, I am persuaded, produces many feminine characters equally worthy of being admired; and *La Belle Assemblée* will probably (in future numbers) exhibit them to the public eye.

M— P—.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

GENLIANA.

The following are extracted from the Works of the celebrated Madame Genlis.

Love.

Love does not awake in the heart of a virtuous woman those violent feelings the offspring of a delirious imagination. It does not at once occupy her soul; it steals into it. It is not like a devouring fire; but as the genial warmth of spring, it animates and fertilizes. It is so timid and unassuming, that it appears abashed; it is so generous, that it resembles friendship.—*Duchesse de la Vallière.*

Love when excessive, either purifies or bewilders the soul. Impetuous and resistless, it deprives us of reason, and, according to circumstances, exalts us into virtue, or plunges us into guilt. It has often been the spring of immortal deeds, and may become the source of crimes. It has produced heroes and cowards; but those whom it has inflamed with a thirst for glory, might, in a different and less favourable situation, have betrayed the cause of honour and virtue. Fatal intoxication! Sentiment at once fleeting, blind, and imperious. Happy the man who can resist thy violent impulse! for, alas! who can know where thou wilt lead us?—*Veillées du Chateau.*

The Love of Glory.

How should we shrink from the prospect, if the hearts of those who pant for what the world terms glory, were unfolded to our eyes? Could we have penetrated into all the secret thoughts of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, and Charles XII. with what sentiments of horror should we have looked upon those mighty conquerors!—*Le petit La Bruyère.*

Self-love.

God has implanted in our hearts a salutary propensity to distinguish ourselves, and toil for glory; it is self-love:—when pure, it is the spring of heroism and genius; but man—corrupted man, abuses that precious gift; changes and debases its nature, gives it a vain and frivolous aim, and perverts it into pride.—*Théâtre d'Education, Agar.*

Friendship.

Friendship is a noble sentiment, her source is pure; it comes from the heart. The ancients, so ingenious in their emblems, gave this device to friendship, "*Near and far, summer and winter,*" to express that all seasons are alike to her; and that she sweetens the first, as well as the last, hours of our existence.—*Le petit La Bruyère.*

Good Actions.

Cold and perishable is the remembrance of past pleasures; but the remembrance of good actions delights and transports the soul.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

Beauty.

It seldom happens that a beautiful woman is amiable.—Persuaded that nature has done every thing for her, she imagines that, in order to charm the hearts of men, she has only to shew the graces of her person. Such are the vanities with which she enters society: but her triumph is short; it does not extend beyond the frivolous admiration of the moment, which soon passes away, and leaves nothing but *ennui*, insipidity, and even disgust. In her company the mind remains inactive, the heart is cold; and the truth of this remark will for ever appear, that strong and lasting passions are not inspired by the most beautiful women.—*Adèle et Theodore,*

Beneficence.

To relieve the helpless is the greatest happiness which man is allowed to taste in this life.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

Happiness.

Do you wish for happiness?—Enjoy what you possess without consuming life in vain expectations, learn to be patient, and set proper boundaries to your desires. Without moderation nothing can be really enjoyed.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

Buffon.

Buffon has shewn in his natural history that a man may sometimes unite a great extent of learning with a splendid imagination, and an acute sense of feeling with the delightful art of painting; that he may join with equal excellence the most affecting objects and the most gloomy and tremendous scenes of nature. His work presents the best models of every kind of style and description of eloquence. By turns a poet, a painter, a profound metaphysician, a sublime philosopher, Buffon speaks every language; equally flexible and comprehensive, his genius grasps and masters every subject.—With the same facility that he traces the most minute lines, he seizes the whole of the most extensive plan. No French writer explored the treasures of his language with a more happy industry, or joined so much exactness with so much elegance, and was at once so correct and brilliant.—*Les deux Reputations.*

Conversation.

The conversation of men of letters generally commences with praises and flatteries reciprocally exchanged. An attack upon their rivals ensues; and then arise long arguments, stubborn assertions, and bitter quarrels. Indeed it cannot be termed a conversation; every one speaks for himself alone, and follows his own ideas without listening to those of others. They are absent, impatient, or thoughtful. Are they silent? it is to prepare an answer without the least attention to what is said. Is an interesting story related? their minds are occupied in inventing another, which they trust will diffuse more delight among their hearers. It seems as if they had assembled together with the intention of challenging and surpassing each other, without attempting to promote the common amusement and instruction of the party. They are mostly on the watch to find out an opportunity of introducing some *bons mots* of their own composition. These are sometimes in honour of men of letters; sometimes anecdotes which relate to themselves; but those numerous quotations become at length tiresome; the hearers seldom feel any portion of the satisfaction of those who repeat them; they are not always instructive; and who, listening to such a conversation, would not imagine that he hears the lecture of one of those fatiguing books, full of ridiculous stories and puns, compiled without care and without choice, which we may take up for a moment, but soon throw away with disgust?—*Les deux Reputations.*

Chivalry.

The golden age, as sung by the poets, is a pleasing chimera; but the age of love and friendship was not fictitious; it flourished in the brilliant days of chivalry. A woman at that period appeared such an interesting being, that deprived of the attractions of youth and beauty, she might implore and obtain the protection of courage and power. Obedient to the impulse of honour, every knight devoted himself to the service of the fair sex. He exposed his life and fortune for the aged and oppressed widow, as well for the young, unprotected, and orphan virgin. Women, it is true, at that happy time, laid claim to no other virtues than those which ought to characterize their sex. They felt the love of glory; but only as a sentiment, never as a passion; the only ambition it awoke in their bosoms was that of deserving the pleasing appellation of obedient daughters, faithful wifes, and affectionate mothers. Elevated by the exploits of their knights, their celebrity depended upon their own choice. Courage and loyalty alone could inspire love; and love, by exciting emulation, produced the most astonishing feats of valour and heroism. The glory won by the knight who saved his country, his friend, or his companion, shed its mildest rays upon his mistress, and he divided with her the crown which fame had bestowed as the reward of his deserts.

Renouncing all vain pretensions, and completely divested of selfishness, women followed in those days the impulse of nature; who, to ennoble their dependant state, gave charms even to their weakness, and endued their hearts with a sublime sensibility, which displayed itself in the behalf of others, and rendered them forgetful of themselves. By that sweet union, that delightful covenant between both sexes, friendship became a passion, and love a virtue.—*Arthur et Sophronie.*

Economy.

Generosity cannot subsist without economy. What is uselessly given is lost; it is a theft committed upon the unfortunate.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

Gaming.

Gaming, of all passions, is the most dangerous and inexcusable. A gamester endeavours to enrich himself with the spoils of those whom he calls his friends. But how many armies are in arms against him! Behold that mother, her tears reproach him with the ruin of her only son! That father pronounces his name with horror and contempt to his children! Pursued

by hatred, overwhelmed by calumny, he feels himself condemned by reason and humanity, and after wandering long in the mazes of vice, he finds nothing before his eyes but ruin and remorse.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

FASHION

"Is the child of vanity and love." Thus says the celebrated Montaigne: when it springs from the desire of decorating the person with modest ornaments, and rendering it amiable in the eyes of man, it is praise-worthy; and then it is the true offspring of love. When its object is to feed conceit, and to administer to pride, to *purvey* for coquetry, and cherish self-love, it is the child of vanity.—*Veillées du Chateau.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN SCOTLAND.

From "Stark's Picture of Edinburgh," published in the preceding Month.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, public amusement began to be introduced into Edinburgh in greater variety than formerly. Of these, music, dancing, and the theatre, were the chief; and perhaps had no small effect in the improvement of manners. Science also now began to dawn in the Scottish capital with a distinguished lustre; and industry and commerce, by the introduction of luxury, almost entirely changed the habits of the inhabitants. Still, however, the gloom with which rigid presbyterianism shaded all the transactions till the middle of the 18th century, was remarkably conspicuous in their aversion to stage performances, and other amusements.

A paper published by Mr. William Creech in the Statistical Account of Scotland, throws considerable light on the manners of this period. From this account it appears, that in 1463 people of fashion dined at two o'clock, or a little after it, and business was attended to in the afternoon. It was a common practice at that time for the merchants to shut their shops at one o'clock, and to open them again after dinner at two. Wine at this time was seldom seen, or in a small quantity, at the tables of the middle rank of people. It was the fashion for gentlemen to attend the drawing-rooms of the ladies in the afternoons, to drink tea, and to mix in the agreeable society and conversation of the women. People at this period too were interested about religion, and it was fashionable to go to church. Sunday was by all ranks strictly observed as a day of devotion; a few were seen strolling about the streets during the time of public worship. Families attended church, with their children and servants, and family-worship at home was not unfrequent. The collections made at the church-doors for the poor, amounted at this time to 1500*l.* and upwards, yearly.

In 1763, according to Mr. Creech, masters took charge of the moral conduct of their apprentices, and generally kept them under their eye in their own houses. The clergy visited, catechised, and instructed the families within their respective parishes in the principles of morality, Christianity, and the relative duties of life. The breach of the seventh commandment was punished by fine and church censure. Any instance of conjugal infidelity in a woman would have banished her irretrievably from society, and her company would have been rejected even by men who paid any regard to their character. The fines collected by the *kirk-treasurer* for natural children amounted to about 154*l.* annually. There were at this time only about five or six houses of bad fame, and a very few of the lowest orders of females skulked about the streets at night. Street-robbery and picking of pockets were unknown. House-breaking and robbery were extremely rare; and many people thought it unnecessary to lock their doors at night. The execution of criminals in Edinburgh for capital crimes was rare; and three annually were reckoned the average for the whole kingdom of Scotland. For many years in Edinburgh there was no execution.

In the year 1763 there was no such amusement as public cuck-fighting, the establishments of this kind which were in the city before having been given up. A young man was termed a *fine fellow*, who to a well informed and accomplished mind, added elegance of manners, and a conduct guided by principle; one who would not have injured the rights of the meanest individual; who contracted no debts that he could not pay; who thought every breach of morality unbecoming the character of a gentleman; and who studied to be useful to society, so far as his opportunities or abilities enabled him. At this time,

in the best families in town, the education of daughters was fitted, not only to embellish and improve their minds, but to accomplish them in the usefuls arts of domestic economy. The sewing-school, the pastry-school, were then essential branches of female education; nor was a young lady of the best family ashamed to go to market with her mother. At this time too, young ladies, even by themselves, might have walked through the streets of the city in perfect safety at any hour, and no person would have presumed to speak to or interrupt them.

The weekly concert in 1763 began at six o'clock, and the performance was over at an early hour. The morality of stage plays was at this time much agitated, and several of the clergy were censured for attending the theatre. By those who attended this amusement without scruple, Saturday night was thought the most improper in the week for going to the play. Every thing, either improper in sentiment or decorum, would have been hissed at with indignation at this period. In the dancing assembly-rooms, in 1763, strict regularity, with respect to dress and decorum, and great dignity of manners, were observed. The profits of this assembly went to the Charity Workhouse. The company at the public assemblies met at five o'clock in the afternoon, and the dancing began at six, and ended at eleven, by public orders of the manager, which were never transgressed.

In the year 1763, the accommodation of the inhabitants of Edinburgh was mean, compared to what it now is. The city at that time was almost confined within the walls, and the suburbs were of small extent. With respect to lodging, the houses which, in 1763, were possessed by the first families, were twenty years after inhabited by tradesmen or by people in humble life. The Lord Justice Clerk's house was possessed by a French teacher, Lord President Craigie's house by a rouping wife (saleswoman of old furniture), and Lord Drummore's house was left by a chairman for want of accommodatson. In 1763 there were only two stage-coaches to the town of Leith, and the only other in the Scottish capital was one to London, which set off once a month, and was from twelve to sixteen days on the road. The hackney coaches at this time were few in number, and perhaps the worst of the kind in Britain. But the want of these was less severely felt at this period, from the great quantity of sedan-chairs, which were to be had at a very moderate price. In 1763 few coaches were made in Edinburgh; and the nobility and gentry in general brought their carriages from London. Perfumers' shops were not at this time known, and there was no such profession as a haberdasher. Hair-dressers were numerous, but were hardly permitted to exercise their professions on Sundays, and many of them voluntarily declined it. There was no such thing known or used as an umbrella. The wages to maid-servants at this period were from 3*l.* to 4*l.* a year. They dressed decently in blue or red cloaks or plaids, suitable to their stations. Few families had men-servants. The wages were from 6*l.* to 10*l.* per annum. A stranger coming to Edinburgh was obliged to put up at a dirty uncomfortable inn, or to remove to private lodgings. There was no such place as a hotel; the word indeed was not known, or was only intelligible to persons acquainted with the French.

The chief characteristic feature of the times we are speaking of seems to have been a formality, which those who recollect the period call decorum; an affected gravity, which has been called dignity; and a sanctimonious preciseness and regularity, the last remains of fanaticism, which has been named prudence and propriety. It is natural for those who spent the best part of their life about the time we have mentioned, to look back with partiality to that period, and, when comparing it with the present, to look with less complacency upon that freedom of manner, unshackled with affected gravity or distant reserve, which marks the present age: but we do not choose to rank among those common-place declaimers who think every succeeding age to be worse than the former.

The gentleman from whose notes we have chiefly extracted the preceding state of the manners of the inhabitants of Edinburgh in 1763, has fortunately also given a statement of facts relating to the same subject in 1783. If this statement be correct (which we have no reason to doubt), luxury and licentiousness, rapine and robbery, had, in the short space of twenty years, made a remarkable progress indeed. Happily, however, the current of vice has not increased with the same rapidity since that time, or we should by this time have been totally overwhelmed in it.

In 1783, people of fashion, and of the middle rank, dined at four or five o'clock: no business was done in the afternoon, dinner of itself having become a very serious matter. Every tradesman in decent circumstances presented wine after dinner; and many in plenty and variety. At this time the drawing-rooms were totally deserted; invitations to tea in the afternoon were given up; and the only opportunity gentlemen had of being in the company of the ladies, was when they happened to *mess* together at dinner or supper; and even then an impatience was sometimes shewn till the ladies retired. Card-parties, after a long dinner, and also after a late supper, were frequent. Attendance on church

too, at this period, was greatly neglected, and particularly by the men; Sunday was by many made a day of relaxation; and young people were allowed to stroll about at all hours. Families thought it ungenteel to take their domestics to church with them; the streets were far from being void of people in the time of public worship; and in the evenings were frequently loose and riotous; particularly owing to bands of apprentice boys and young lads. Family worship was almost disused. The weekly collections at the church doors for the poor had greatly decreased in amount.

In 1783 (says Mr. Creech), few masters would receive apprentices to lodge in their houses. If they attended their hours of business, masters took no further charge. The rest of their time *might be* passed, as too frequently happens, in vice and debauchery; hence they became idle, insolent, and dishonest. The wages to journeymen in every profession were greatly raised since 1763, and disturbances frequently happened for a still further increase: yet many of them riot on Sunday, are idle all Monday, and can afford to do this on five days labour. Visiting and catechising by the clergy were disused (except by a very few); and if people do not choose to go to church, they may remain as ignorant as Hottentots, and the ten commandments be as little known as obsolete acts of parliament. At this time, likewise, although the law punishing adultery with death was unrepealed (says Mr. Creech), yet, strange to tell, it ceased to be acted upon; church censure was disused, and separations and divorces were become frequent. Even the women who were rendered infamous by public divorce, had been, by some people of fashion, again received into society. The fines collected by the *kirk-treasurer*, for bastard children, amounted to 600*l*. The number of brothels had increased twenty-fold since 1763, and the women of the town more than a hundred-fold. Every quarter of the city and suburbs was infested with multitudes of females abandoned to vice; and street-robbery, house-breaking, and theft, were astonishingly frequent. At one time, at this period, there were no less than six criminals under sentence of death in Edinburgh prison in one week; and upon the autumn circuit of this year (1783) no less than thirty-seven capital indictments were issued.

In 1783 there were many public cock-fighting matches, or *mains*, as they are technically termed, and a regular cock-pit was built for this school of cruelty. A young man at this time was termed a *fine fellow*, who could drink three bottles of wine; who discharged all debts of *honour* (game debts and tavern bills), and evaded payment of every other; who swore immoderately, and before ladies, and talked of his *word of honour*; who ridiculed religion and morality as folly and hypocrisy (but without argument); who was very jolly at the table of his friend, and would lose no opportunity of seducing his wife, or of debauching his daughter; but, on the mention of such a thing being attempted to his own connections, would have cut the throat, or blown out the brains of his dearest companion offering such an insult; who was forward in all the fashionable follies of the time; who disregarded the interests of society, or the good of mankind, if they interfered with his own vicious, selfish pursuits and pleasures. At this period, the daughters of many tradesmen consumed their mornings at the toilette, or in strolling from shop to shop, &c. Many of them would have blushed to have been seen in a market. The cares of the family were devolved upon a housekeeper, and the young lady employed those heavy hours when she was disengaged from public or private amusements, in improving her mind from the precious stores of a circulating library; and all, whether they had taste for it or not, were taught music. Such was the danger at this time to which unprotected females were exposed, that the mistresses of boarding-schools found it necessary to advertise, that their young ladies were not permitted to go abroad without proper attendants.

In 1783 the weekly concert began at seven o'clock; but it was not in general well attended. The morality of stage plays, or their effects on society, were never thought of, and the most crowded houses were always on Saturday night. The boxes for the Saturday night plays were generally taken for the season, and strangers on that night could seldom procure a place. The galleries never failed to applaud what they formerly would have hissed as improper in sentiment or decorum. The public assemblies met at eight and nine o'clock, and the lady directress sometimes did not make her appearance till ten. The young masters and misses, who would have been mortified not to have seen out the ball, thus returned home at three or four in the morning, and yawned, and gaped, and complained of head-achs all the next day.

In 1783 the accommodation of the inhabitants of Edinburgh was splendid, and the houses in the New Town unrivalled in elegance. The city had extended so much, that it covered twice the extent of ground it formerly did. The stage-coaches to Leith and other parts were tripled, and no less than fifteen every week set out for London, and reached it in sixty hours. The hackney coaches at this time were the handsomest in Britain. Coaches and chaises were con-

structed as elegantly in Edinburgh as any where in Europe; and many were annually exported to St. Petersburg and the cities on the Baltic. The profession of a haberdasher, which was not known in 1763, was now nearly the most common in town. (This profession includes many trades, the mercer, the milliner, the linen-draper, the hatter, the hosier, the glover, and many others.) Perfumers had now splendid shops in every principal street; and some of them advertised the keeping of bears, to kill occasionally, for greasing ladies and gentlemen's hair, as superior to any other animal fat. Hair-dressers were more than tripled in number, and their busiest day was Sunday. An eminent surgeon, who had occasion to walk a great deal in the course of his business, first used an umbrella in Edinburgh, in the year 1780; and in 1783 they were much used. Maid-servants dressed now as fine as their mistresses did in 1763. Almost every genteel family had a man-servant; and the wages were from 10*l.* to 20*l.* a year. In 1783, also, a stranger might have been accommodated not only comfortably, but elegantly at many public hotels; and the person who, in 1763, was obliged to put up with accommodation little better than that of a waggoner or carrier, may now be lodged like a prince, and command every luxury of life.

Such are, according to Mr. Creech, the features of the times in 1783. Less rigid, morose, and affected then those of 1763, an ease of manner seemsto have been by this time introduced, which characterizes an improvement in manners. Of morals, this period, from the foregoing facts concerning the decay of religious principle, the multiplication of the women of the town, of robberies, and the late hours which fashion had introduced, presents not such a pleasing picture.

"In no respect," says Mr. Creech, "were the manners of 1763 and 1783 more remarkable, than in the decency, dignity, and delicacy of the one period, compared with the looseness, dissipation, and licentiousness of the other.—Many people ceased to blush at what would formerly have been reckoned a crime."—"The behaviour of the last age (says Dr. Gregory) was very reserved and stately. It would now be reckoned still and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected."

Of the leading traits of the manners since that period, the following is a short sketch:—The luxury of the table, and the late hours of dinner and amusements, have much increased since 1783. By the more opulent tradesmen and merchants, business is little attended to in the afternoon; and the variety of delicacies at their table is perhaps equal to what the first cities had in 1763. The company of the ladies is also, as in 1783, much neglected, and the bottle is preferred to the amusements of the drawing-room. Attendance at church, however, was in 1796 fashionable, and a universal interest was excited with regard to religion. The large building of the Circus, which had been erected in 1788 for equestrian performances, and in 1792 converted into a playhouse, was now occupied as a place of worship, and considerable sums of money were subscribed for sending missionaries to convert the heathen in foreign lands. At this time religious zeal was so universal, that even some of the *servants of Satan*, the players themselves, became ministers of the gospel*. Sunday, however, was not so rigidly observed as in 1763, and it still continued by many to be held as a day of relaxation. Whether family-worship was much attended to in the period we are speaking of, we have not ascertained, but public prayers were more frequent than before. Religious societies were also formed for propagating the gospel at home; places of worship called Tabernacles were built; the Scottish capital was inundated with different preachers from England; and from it, as a centre, missionaries were issued to every part of the country. One of the most elegant amusements of the metropolis, the concerts at St. Cecilia's Hall, was at this time given up, and the hall itself was, and is still, occupied as a place of worship.

Visiting and catechising their parishioners, is by the clergy at this time (1805) almost entirely given up, excepting among the dissenters; and these too do not officially visit so often as formerly. People of fashion do not frequent the church as often as a few years ago; and the number of fines for natural children has not decreased in the hands of the present *kirk-treasurer*. The number of prostitutes, which, according to Mr. Creech, had increased more than a hundred-fold in the short space of twenty years (from 1763 to 1783), has not increased in the same ratio since the latter of these periods, though their number has not perhaps much diminished. The torrent of vice, which, from the facts exhibited, appears to have been so alarming at that period, has been stopped, else by this time, on the same average of increase, the number of prostitutes would have amounted to that of the present population of the city. The wages of journeymen, since 1783, has been much increased, and nearly doubled since that time. Housebreakings and robberies at present are rare; and the execution of criminals seldom occurs in Edinburgh. If the terror of ecclesiastical punishments, the *repenting stool*, and *public satisfaction to the kirk*, did not precipitate unfortunate women into the unnatural crime of child-murder, perhaps a se-

* *Vide Edinburgh Missionary Magazine, Vol. I.*

ries of years might be mentioned, in which there was no capital offence committed in Scotland.

Public cock-fighting matches are now nearly given up in the city; and this barbarous amusement, it is hoped, will soon be laid aside for ever. Of the *fine fellow* of 1805 it is difficult to strike the peculiar likeness. Less accomplished than those of 1763, and without many of the vices of those of 1783, the *fine fellow* of the present day is rather an object of laughter than censure, of pity rather than reprobation. He can drive a coach, full of ladies, equal to the most experienced coachman; does not often overturn the carriage, and very seldom rides down old people or children. As a genealogist, he equals the Highlander or Welchman; can trace the pedigree of Goldfinder through a hundred descents, and enumerate all the dams, grand dams, and great grand dams with the most fluent accuracy. He is a skilful physiognomist; can tell the good or bad qualities of a horse at first sight; and in the refined employments of the stable, can vie with the most expert groom or stable-boy. With regard to religion, unless he acquires it in the Racer's Kalendar, or Taplin's Farriery, he has no opportunity of knowing any thing about it. But in other parts of education he is not deficient: he excels in those tropes or figures of speech which the vulgar call swearing; and his method of argument is much more simple and convincing than the analytic or synthetic modes of the schools. By this mode (betting) he could argue with a philosopher, and come off victorious, unless the philosopher were richer than he. As to the fair sex, the elegant society of the stable is preferable, in his estimation, to that of the drawing-room; and the lounge among brother *fine fellows* in the coffee-house, or the tavern, is superior to the company of the ladies, in whose conversation his accomplishments do not enable him to bear a part. He pays his debts of honour much in the same manner as the *fine fellow* of 1783; and like him can drink three bottles of wine, kick the waiter, and knock down watchmen with a good grace. In short, the *fine fellow* of the present day is neither calculated to add much to virtue by his good qualities, nor to increase vice by his bad ones.

Balls and concerts are conducted much in the same manner as in 1783, except that perhaps later hours become more fashionable. In the theatre, though loose expressions may still be applauded by the upper gallery, yet by the other parts of the audience they are always reprobated. Of the present manners of the female sex, the improvement is certainly striking. Though the young ladies are seldom to be seen at market, or perhaps do not interest themselves much in the management of household affairs, yet we may pronounce them superior to those of 1763, or 1783. Music, dancing, and a grammatical knowledge of their own and of the French and Italian languages, are essential parts of modern female education; and though the making of pastry, jellies, and gooseberry-wine, are not held of so much importance as they appear to have been in the first of these periods, yet they are not even now totally neglected. As domestic conveniences, the ladies of 1805 may possibly be inferior to those of 1763; but as accomplished companions, they are certainly far their superiors.

The accommodation, in every respect, is better now than at any former period. The Edinburgh inns and hotels equal those of any city in elegance and ready service; and if the manners of the people are not so perfect as might be wished, they are at least as good as could be expected, in a city where wealth and luxury give so many temptations to corruption and vice.

The gentleman of 1763 seems to have been so much under the restraint of rules, which regulated all his periods of amusement, as to leave him very little exercise of thought, or allow him little liberty of consulting his own ease or pleasure. In 1783 this stiffness was thrown off; ease and familiarity occupied its place; but vice and folly seem to have predominated. In 1805, this ease and freedom of manner continues; but to the honour of the times, vice is not so prevalent as it is related to have been in 1783. The ladies have also much changed since 1763, but that change has been for the better. At that period they were good housewives and nurses, and perhaps little else; but in 1783 and 1805, if they have lost something of these qualities, they have made it sufficiently up, by improving themselves in all that can be expected or wished in an interesting agreeable companion.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARNIVAL AT PARIS AND OF THE FETES DE LONGCHAMP.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING given you in my last a faithful account of a Parisian Sunday, I proceed to the description of various customs which prevail in this metropolis, and which will, I hope, unfold more of the character of the French than all the deep observations of self-elected critics, who fatigue the press with their attempts to prove what will strike every Englishman who sojourns a few days in France,—that the French are a light, airy, fantastic nation; the slaves of a burning imagination, which sometimes exalts them to heroic deeds and sublime virtues, and sometimes debases them into the wildest frolics of folly and extravagance, while it gives to their minds a romantic and sentimental turn, which years, and the varied accidents of life, can never alter.

At length we have seen the long wished-for day, when the Carnival spreads her joyous dominion over this noisy metropolis, and turns the serious busy look, that darkened every countenance, into the cheerful smile of pleasure and amusement. All the streets and public walks are already crowded with humorous shapes and strange beings, who, secure under the sheltering mask, attack and torment the uneperienced passenger; half pleased and half angry, he receives the shower of jests that fall upon him, and oftentimes wonders at the hints and expressions which seem to announce a perfect knowledge of his person, his secrets and affairs. It seems as if imagination had opened her enchanted bowers, and rolling back the tide of time, brought again to light the delightful days of fairy ages, and the humorous inhabitants of fairy regions.

La Rue St. Honoré, the *Palais Royal*, and the *Vieux Boulevards*, are the walks most frequented by the joyous children of the carnival; the favoured spots where they delight to spread the wild magnificence of their dresses, and exert the poignoncy of their wit. *La Rue St. Honoré*, especially, is the focus whence the brightest rays of pleasure emerge; there folly and dissipation hold undisputed sway, rule every bosom, and transport every heart. There, carriages filled with masks, attract the eyes of the gazing multitude by the diversity of characters they contain; whilst peals of appropriate eloquence, bursting from the lips of some fiery orators on their tops, silence the acclamations of the crowd by their Stentorian thunders. Follow these pompous cavalcades. Here you behold folly, surrounded with pleasure, fashion, mirth, ridicule, and youth, welcoming, with benignant smiles, the triumphant legions of *Parisian Badauts*, who, mounted on asses, advance slowly towards the consecrated ground, where the goddess and her radiant train await their homage. There the flower of earthly valour, the famous knight of the sorrowful countenance, shakes the long forgotten spear of chivalry, and, proclaiming aloud the peerless beauty of his lady, challenges all the knights of the universe. His faithful squire, the simple hearted, humorous Sancho, follows close to his master; astonished at the dazzling tumultuous scene, he frequently sighs out an *abrenuntio*, and shuddering recollects the fatal pomp that attended his descent into the gloomy empire of Pluto, and the deliverance of Dulcinea.

But to give you a description of every character that awakens popular applause by its singularity, or the inventive powers it displays, is a task that would extend too far the limits I had fixed to this letter. Let then your imagination soar and wander over the fields of amusements I invite her to explore; let her pursue the path I pointed to her flight, and she will bestow upon her brilliant pictures a richness of colouring which description can never imitate, and reality but seldom equal. When tired with following the giddy course of the votaries of pleasure who parade the streets and gardens of Paris, unmindful of the wintry sky that frowns upon them; let her penetrate with me into those *bals masqués*, where the same mirth, the same dissipation, softened by the polite manners of the *beau monde*, prevail. Let her mix in the gay country dance, which the highest Gods of antiquity ennoble and enliven by their divine presence. Here, conquered once more by love, the powerful Sovereign of Olympus is sighing at the feet of mortal beauties. There, charmed into pity and tenderness by the plaintive lyre of the God of day, yielding Daphne repents her flight, and enters with her conqueror the delightful maze of the dance. The Carnival has unlocked the gates of mythology, and heathen divinities and heroes descend on the wings of pleasure to repossess for a

while a land which once acknowledged their supreme power.

You will tell me, perhaps, that you have masquerades in London, which afford equal delight to those who frequent them: that I will not deny, though I contend that Parisian masquerades display more pomp, more elegance, and open a wider field for amusement; as wit is more abundant, the stings of *repartée* more pointed, and characters supported with more ease, nature, and propriety.

As I have still some room, I will give you an account of a custom which the Parisians religiously observe; and which, though its origin was religion and piety, is now become the spring of that intoxicating and deceitful nectar, pleasure.

During the age of simplicity, commonly styled the age of darkness and ignorance, towards the middle of the fourteenth century, a convent of nuns was founded on the spot called *Longchamp*, at the distance of about five miles from Paris. There, when spring awoke the earliest flowrets of the year, and nature revived under the tepid gales of April, the Parisians used to come, and offer praise and thanksgivings during three days to the great Father of Creation. This service was interesting and simple; the melting voices of the sacred virgins, soft as the vernal dews that fertilize the earth, stole on the breezes of spring to the throne of the Almighty, imploring peace, plenty, and propitious seasons; and the numerous spectators, struck with awe at the solemn ceremonies and lofty strains, fancied they beheld the angel of fertility descending from the sky, to unfold the swelling buds, and watch over the ripening fruits and harvests.

A great fault with the French is that of turning every serious duty into a source of amusement. Pleasure is the constant wish of their hearts, and they endeavour to extract it from every object, even the most unlikely and the most unfit to gratify their wishes. What for a time had been a religious duty, became a party of pleasure; piety was exchanged for dissipation; and instead of the sentiments of gratitude and humility which a few years before prompted the inhabitants of Paris to visit the house of God, the wish of spreading before the admiring eyes of the crowd, the elegance of dress, and the pomp of fashion; of listening to the delightful strains of divine harmony flowing from the lips of beauty and innocence, became the only motive for their annual attendance at the convent.

Levelled with the dust by the storms of the Revolution, the convent exists no more; and the custom of repairing to the spot where once it stood, still exists. The pure voices of the virgins of the Lord invite no more; it is the call of pride we obey, the beckoning hand of vanity we follow.

Go on the 6th of April to the *Champs Elysées*; it is there the festive company assembles; it is on that day the profanation of the ancient custom commences. There you will behold with astonishment, in the wide valley which leads to the *Bois de Boulogne*, the most splendid equipages ranged in double rows, advancing in all the pomp of wealth slowly towards *Longchamp*, and crossing the whole of the *Bois de Boulogne*. For five miles the same prospect will strike your eys, while the middle part of the road is enlivened by *Cavaliers*, mounted on fine horses, who, gallopping from carriage to carriage, display the graces of their figures, the elegance of their dress, and their excellent horsemanship, to the view of the *Parisian Belles*, who repay their attentions with a smile.

The alleys on both sides of the road are crowded with the humbler followers of fashions, whose wealth is not equal to the expence of lolling in a carriage, and who drink the dust, and brave the inclemency of the skies, to be able to say, "*I have been to Longchamp.*"

Farther from the road, under shelter of the thickening trees, you discern groups of dancers. There the fables of antiquity, the sports of fauns and nymphs, seem to be realised before your eyes: the airiness of the shapes, the agility and gracefulness of their motions, the mysterious twilight caused by the young leaves unfolding upon the spreading branches, and the soft voice of music sighing through the opening glades, give to the pleasant scene a truly *Elysian* aspect. On that side roars the vain, tumultuous, bustling world; on this smiles the shady vale, where, embosomed in peaceful bliss, the souls of the virtuous inhabit and taste the pure delights of joy, innocence, and simplicity.

Your's, &c. &c. L—.

PUBLIC RECREATIONS OF PARIS.

[*Concluded from Page* 41.]

Singers.

The song is certainly not the forte of the French theatre. It is the trio, quintetto, chorus, and the more complex compositions, that we must admire. In these the vocal performers succeed in the highest degree. Nor is the composer less happy; as confident in the abilities of the performer, and the powers of an excellent orchestra, he gives full scope to his genius and fancy.

We should certainly expect, at the French opera, to hear singers of the first-rate talents; particularly when we consider the vicinity of Italy. But, at present, there are no great vocal performers on the Parisian theatres; and we look in vain for such as we have been accustomed to hear in London.

Many circumstances, however, will account for the present inferiority of the French opera, in point of vocal performance.—First, singers of superior talents expect immense salaries, which, perhaps, their treasury is as little disposed as capable of giving:—Secondly, the opera being invariably written in French, naturally attaches to the best singer all the vocal disadvantages of that language:—and thirdly, the singer, in the French song, is not sufficiently considered as principal, being too often subservient to the powers of the orchestra.

These circumstances are certainly great impediments in the way of good singers; and may possibly account for the want of superior vocal performers on the French theatres.

Dancers.

In this captivating art, the French certainly excel all other countries. The fascination and splendour of their ballets exceed description.

Vestris justly stands at the head of the dance at Paris; and indeed of every dancer in Europe.

Madame Gardel is the principal female dancer here; but the others are not without grace in all their steps.

Even at the inferior theatres, we often witness superior dancers. At this, however, we cannot be surprised, when we reflect, that dancing is the forte of the people.

Scenery.

The Scenery, dresses, and decorations, in the French theatres, are all at times characteristic, and well executed. Though in point of splendour the Parisian is by no means before the London stage.

The magnitude of the London theatres, the public spirit of their managers, and the comparative riches of their treasuries, are at once reasons why we ought to excel in the pageant and splendour of the scene. The scenery here is well managed, and particular attention paid to the disposition. In any complicated change, parts of the scene come from under the stage, others from above, and others from the sides.

Rise of the Curtain.

The moment the curtain is seen to rise, that instant confusion turns itself into order. Unlike our countrymen, who call for silence by the word itself, the French express their wish for attention, by a noise which may be described by a prolongation of the syllable *ish*——

After the curtain is once up, it is expected that no person should interrupt the performance; the established law of a French audience being universal attention.

A singular theatrical breach of decorum took place on Sunday evening, August the 8th, 1802, at the opera.

The theatre being very full, and the weather uncommonly hot, two gentlemen in the centre boxes were of a sudden observed to be sitting without coats! The audience perceiving this, rose up and demanded the coats to be put on. After much clamour, the desire was apparently complied with, and the performance resumed. As the coats had not in reality been put on, but only thrown over the shoulders, so in less than five minutes they were again thrown off. Open war now ensued between the audience and the enemy; the latter completely repulsing the former in every successive attack. During the heat of the battle, one of the enemy, after having discharged a tremendous artillery of oaths at the audience, followed it up by a parley, which in the English language set them all completely at defiance. I will not pretend to repeat a speech which probably the major part of the audience did not understand. But the great concourse of English then on the theatre of war, justly feeling this unexpected attack on their national manners, immediately joined all their force to that of the audience, in the expulsion of the enemy. The consequence was, the allies were victorious.

Whether this extraordinary affair was the result of frolic or intoxication it is difficult to determine. But the French papers, in relating the circumstance, said, that the disturbance took place in consequence of two English gentlemen sitting without coats, according to the custom of their country!

Having so far viewed circumstances of a general nature, I shall now endeavour to enter into the merits of each particular theatre, beginning with the opera.

Theatre des Arts,

Or the opera, stands at the head of all the theatres in Paris, and ranks itself as the first of its kind in Europe. The grounds of this superiority may certainly be disputed.

Pre-eminence can only be substantiated by a superior perfection over every theatre of the same description. This the French opera has aimed at, but by no means attained.

In the *Ballet* this theatre is unrivalled. In the excellency of the music, also, it is truly happy. But in the grand points of capital singers it fails, and yields dicidedly to the opera of London. As these circumstances may require further confirmation, we will consider them more particularly.

Lais is the first male singer here. This performer possesses taste and judgment, and is deservedly a favourite; but still, with all his merit, he is not that superior singer we should expect at the opera of Paris. The female singers are much better actresses than musicians. Indeed the place for a great vocal performer is evidently open. The orchestra is by no means equal to that of the French national comic opera. In the full pieces the harshness of drums cut the ear into pieces; and in the song, the band, as if conscious of a superiority, accompanies the singer much too strong; thereby forcing the voice to exert itself in a greater degree than it ought to do. Thus the singer and orchestra are too often at variance; and thus the execution of the finest music is so far unjust, since the ear finds too little relief between the accompaniment of a song, trio, or chorus.

The orchestra here is conducted by a director, who beats the time, orders the pauses, and dictates the various expression of the music. Admitting the piece to be well understood, this parade is surely unnecessary. But as it is, it looks to a stranger precisely as though the music was actually undergoing a rehearsal. At any rate, the flourishing roll of parchment, and the corporeal signs of the conductor, are extremely offensive to the eye of the spectator.

These are some of the principal defects of this theatre, and great ones in an opera they certainly are. In order, however, that the reader may more clearly judge of the performances, I shall mention here, as well as at the comic opera, the chief pieces at present in representation.

Armida, by Gluck, at this theatre, is a most superb spectacle; the dancers are incorporated with the opera. The soft chorusses of females during some of the dances, are finely enriched by tenor and bass voices behind the scenes; these are so nicely kept under, as to be detected only by a very inquisitive ear.

The loud and dreadful peal of warlike music which rouses the lover of *Armida* to a recollection of his state, positively electrifies the audience.

The shower of fire, and the destruction of the superb palace of *Armida*, is, perhaps, as magnificent and awful a scene as the stage is capable of representing.

Les Mystères d'Isis, by Mozart, is indeed a majestic production. Music, dancing, and scenery all unite in one of the finest operas ever produced.

The music of this celebrated piece may justly be considered as a *chef d'œuvre* of the art. This opera is, perhaps, better understood and performed than most others at this theatre.

The other pieces in representation are all upon the same plan as the above.

There seems a great want of novelty at this theatre. *Tamerlane*, a new serious opera, by Winter, has been a long time in rehearsal, but is not yet produced.

The popular *Ballets* at present are—*La Dansomanie*, *Telemaque*, *Psyche*, and *Paris*. These are all the composition of the successful Gardel.

The story of the first piece is extremely entertaining, being founded on the rage for dancing; that of the others may be immediately implied by their names.

The hall of this theatre is spacious. But the house has apparently not been decorated for some years; and the heavy gold-fringed curtain is ill calculated to add to its brilliancy.

L'Opera Comique Nationale.

This theatre professes the cultivation of the French comic opera, which it has brought to great perfection.

The orchestra at this theatre, is decidedly the first in Paris. The singers also are good; and the operas such as we could ever wish to see, hear, and applaud.

The composers of this theatre are, Gretry, Farchi, Cherubini, Daleyrac, Mehul, and many others, whose talents have established the reputation of the French comic opera.

Ellevion, the principal singer, possesses a

good voice, which he manages with much taste. He is also a good operatical actor, and a decided favourite with the public.

Martin is likewise an excellent singer, and approaches his rival in point of merit. These two performers have, in consequence, their respective partizans, and the laurel is often divided.

Le Deserteur has just been revived at this theatre. On the first night of its representation the house overflowed, and the piece was received with rapture. The people were no doubt delighted at being permitted to see an old favourite once more. Every person at all acquainted with the plot of the *Deserteur* will easily imagine the cause of its having been hitherto objectionable to the Government. This theatre, however, having gained its point in representing the *Deserteur*, may even now think it prudent not to insist on its repetition.

Lodoiska, as performed here, differs considerably, both in music and plot, from the *Lodoiska* of London. The concluding scene of the palace on fire is omitted at this theatre; perhaps from fear of comparison, or out of compliment to the last mentioned scene of *Armida* at the opera.

Zelima et Azor, which we see curtailed on the London theatres, is here given at length, and in a very superior style. Nothing could do their female performers more credit than their excellent execution of the favourite trio of *Veillons mes Sœurs*.

La fausse Duegne, has just been brought out here. The piece is a posthumous work of Della Maria. It was exceedingly well received by an overflowing house. Nor was its success less indebted to its merit than to the excellent singing of Ellevion, and the fine acting of Madame Saint Aubin.

The hall of this house is one of the most elegant and cheerful in Paris.—Indeed this theatre is not less a national school than a public ornament, whether on account of the excellency of the music, the merit of the performers, or the spirit which pervades every department of the establishment.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY,

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[*Continued from Page* 43.]

LETTER FIRST.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I KNOW you delight in flowers. You wish to become a botanist, and following Nature in your books, your progress is but slow. I offer myself to you, my dear friend, as a guide through the pleasant paths of that enchanting science. Though conscious of my limited knowledge, your confidence awakes self-love in my heart; and to you perhaps I shall owe successes, which I am desirous of obtaining, only to consecrate them to friendship.

Revived by abundant rains, the country now wears the verdant livery of spring, and Nature unfolding the growing germs, prepares a fruitful summer. Hasten to your friend, and let your imagination wander amidst the bloomy bowers that surround me.

This morning I descended into the garden; my mother gave me two roses gathered by her hand; and a young maiden of the village, our *protégée*, brought me a fresh and elegant nosegay. What can be a better introduction to Botany than the pleasure excited by flowers? It is universal; it cannot be explained; it effects the soul. Their perfumes, the elegance of their shapes, the harmonious *ensemble* of their leaves and colours, the promising hope of the fruits they foster and conceal, dispose us to yield to the soft impressions they are calculated to produce upon the feeling heart.

Numerous and bright as the real enjoyments of life, are the flowers that deck the earth; but we tread exultingly upon both, without deigning to gather them.

A botanist forms an acquaintance with those lovely individuals who drink the same atmosphere, are nourished by the same soil, and warmed by the same sun as himself. He examines and studies them; and after he has explored their common laws, he traces out their peculiar characters.

LETTER SECOND.

MY DEAR E—,

Flowers produce fruits through the medium of their organs, which observation has taught us

to unite both sexes. The corolla is the temple, the sheltering tent, where the work of reproduction is accomplished.

The corolla is, you know, the coloured part of the flower, which envelopes the germen, and the filaments called stamens.

Linnæus disposes his twenty-four divisions according to the number and disposition of the sexual parts of the flower. He considers the stamens as the male, and the pistils as the female organs.

The stamen is the filament surmounted with a small head, which you will find in all flowers. The head is called *anther*, and contains the dust or *pollen* which fructifies the germen.

The pistil, always placed in the centre of the flower, is composed of the germen, which swells, ripens, and contains the seed; of the style, which is sometimes very long, often almost imperceptible, and rises above the germen; and lastly, of the stigma, which crowns the style, and varies in its shape. A single germen often carries several styles.

The celebrated traveller Tournefort, was the first who, at the beginning of the last century, undertook to class the plants. His characters were mostly taken from their external shapes. He numbered the petals or divisions of the corolla, and united in the same class the flowers that contained an equal number; but he soon found himself obliged to separate them into numerous divisions and subdivisions. In the class of monopetalous flowers (whose corolla is composed of one single piece), for instance, it was necessary to distinguish the hypocrateriform, or saucer-shaped, such as ths helitropum, from the rotaceæ, or wheel-shaped flowers; such as the borage, the infundibuliform, or funnel-shaped, as the primrose, from the personatæ, as the antirrhinum, toad-flax, &c. &c.—new difficulties arose at every step, and the system wanted precision.

Jussieu, more recently, made some alterations in the Linnæan system; and the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris was classed according to his method.

His three great divisions are founded on the state of the stem, when it arises from the ground.

The stem that presents no cotyledons or seminal leaves, is ranged among the acotyledons. That tribe contains the families of mushrooms and ferns, but no kind of moss; for the seed of that last plant has been sown, and two seminal leaves appeared on its stem.

The stalk, which is enveloped with a single seminal leaf or cotyledon, when it begins to grow, is classed among the monocotyledons. That division contains the gramina, as corn and the liliaceous, or plants whose root is of a bulbous nature.

The stalk that is enclosed in two seminal leaves belongs to the numerous family of dicotyledons.

M. Desfontaines has found means of ascertaining in full grown plants and trees, to which of the last divisions they must belong. Monocotyledons have no distinct layer in their wood or substance which forms their stems, their branches, or their trunks. Their marrow, disseminated in their substance, does not gather at the centre of the stalk; such, for instance, is the hyacinth; whilst all kinds of trees, or dicotyledon plants, present the contrary, without any exception.

You may, in one of your walks, cut horizontally various stems, and compose after your own observations, the two different catalogues.

In Jussieu's system the division of acotyledons forms only one class. The monocotyledons are divided into three different classes, according to the respective position of the stamens and pistils.

The first class encloses the hypogean family, viz. when the stamens are placed under the pistils, as in the gramina, &c. &c.

The second contains the perygean, viz. when the stamens are fixed upon the calyx, as in the lily.

The third is that of the epigean, and requires the stamens to be implanted on the pistil, as in orchis, &c.

The numerous division of dicotyledons is subdivided into families of apetalous flowers (without any corolla); monopetalous and polypetalous (with a corolla composed of several petals or leaves). The first and the third of those three subdivisions form each three classes of hypogean, perygean, and epigean plants.

The second forms four subdivisions, hypogean, perigean, epigean with anthers divided, and epigean with anthers united together.

The 15th class contains plants whose stamens and pistils are separated from each other, as in hemp: and those 15 classes comprehend 95 families of plants.

The divisions of Linnæus will be more particularly the object of our study. His learned and profound system may offer difficulties; but the beginner, whose steps it directs, derives from it the most satisfactory result.

I have not attempted, my dear friend, to demonstrate to you the advantages and utility of classical divisions. The vegetable kingdom is so wide that it requires a regular code of laws.

Linnæus, as I told you, characterises his twenty-four classes from the number or the position of the stamens. Plants with only one stamen, compose the monandria; with two, the Diandria;

with three, the triandria; with four, the tetrandria; wih five, the pentandria; with six, the hexandria; with seven, the heptandria; with eight, the octandria; with nine, the enneandria; with ten, the decandria; with twelve, the dodecandria; with an undetermined number the icosandria; and with an illimited number, the polyandria. No flower has yet been found with eleven stamens. You see by that enumeration that the number of stamens is the distinguishing character of every class.

The 14th contains the labiates, which have four stamens, two long ones and two short: it is called didynamia.

The 15th incloses the cruciforms, or flowers with four petals in the shape of a cross. It is remarkable for the position of its six stamens, four are long and two short opposite each other. It is called tetradynamia.

The 16th is the monadelphia, it comprehends the flowers whose stamens are united together around the pistil, as in the mallow.

The 17th, or diadelphia, supposes the stamens to be divided into two bundles around the pistil. It contains the leguminose or papilionaceæ, as the pea.

The 18th is the polyadelphia; it comprises the plants whose stamens are divided into separate bundles, as in St. John's wort.

The 19th, or syngenesia, is composed of the flowers whose stamens hold together by their anthers alone, and not by their filaments. The radiates, such as daisies, &c. are amongst the number.

The 20th, gynandria, contains those whose stamens are attached to the pistil, without adhering to the receptacle.

The receptacle is the base upon which stand all the parts of the flower.

The 21st class, or monoecia, comprises the plants which carry on the same stalks, flowers distinctly male, or filled with stamens alone, and others distinctly female, with one or several pistils.

The 22d class is the dioecia; it contains the plants whose male and female flowers blow on different stalks; such as hemp, &c.

The 23d, polygamia; when male and female flowers appear on the same stalk, which sometimes carries also hermaphrodite flowers, or uniting stamens with pistils.

The 24th, cryptogamia; contains every kind of vegetation which offers to the eye of observation no visible flower; such are algæ, moss, fern, mushroom, &c. This class is immense, and yet but little known. The word cryptogamia means *secret nuptials.*

Every class of Linnæus is divided into orders. The orders in the thirteen first classes are taken from the number of pistils.

When there is but one pistil, it is the order monogynia.

2d order, digynia, 2 pistils.
3d ——— trigynia, 3 pistils.
4th——— tetragynia, 4 pistils.
5th——— pentagynia, 5 pistils.
6th——— hexagynia, 6 pistils.
7th——— heptagynia, 7 pistils.
8th——— decagynia, 10 pistils.
9th——— dodecagynia, 12 pistils.
10th——— polygynia, many pistils.

The 14th class is divided in two orders, according to the disposition of the seeds. The first, gymnospermia, is composed of flowers that leave four naked seeds at the bottom of the calyx. The second, angyospermia, the flowers of the same class whose seeds are enclosed in a pericarp.

The 15th class is divided in two orders, siliculosa and siliquosa. A siligile is a round pericarp, composed of two valves, and marked in its length with a style. A silique is a long two-valved pericarp, which enclose the seed, and has a membrane in the middle, which separates both valves.

The 16th, 17th, and 18th classes have for orders the classical divisions of the 13 first classes, and are regulated by the number of stamens. Mallow, for instance, is of the monadelphia class, and of the polyandria order. Peas are of the class diadelphia, and of the order decandria.

The 19th class is very numerous, and divided into five orders.

1st. Polygamia æqualis, when the florets of the disk (or centre), and those of the ray (or circumference), are equally hermaphrodite.

The florets are those small flowers which by their aggregation in the same calyx seem to form but one. A semi-floret is one of those small flowers whose base is a tube and extremity in the shape of a tongue.

2dly. Polygamia superflua, when the disk contains hermaphrodite, and the ray female florets.

3dly. Polygamia frustranea, when the florets of the disk are hermaphrodite, and those of the ray neuter, or deprived of stamens and pistils.

4th. Polygamia necessaria, when the florets of the disk are male, and those of the ray female.

5th. Monogamia, when the flowers, without being radiate and composed of florets, have their stamens united by their anthers as in the violet.

The orders of the 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d, classes are taken from the classical divisions of the first classes.

The 24th is divided into as many orders as it contains families.

This is the whole of the Linnæan theory.

Your's, &c. A. B.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY,

UPON THE SUBJECT OF PERSPECTIVE;

Elucidating the practice of taking Views, and of designing Landscapes.

LETTER FIRST.

Does the fair Matilda with so much tenderness solicit the correspondence of an infirm old man, whose life has passed in retirement, and whose studies would alone have been sufficient to have secluded him from the general pleasures of society? Yes, and with sincerity; for my lovely niece cannot but desire what she so affectionately expresses. Then let me endeavour to discover some topic suitable both to her and myself; some subject instructive at least, if not so entertaining as those that arise in the fashionable circle of the drawing-room, or that succeed the exhilarating dance. Far from such scenes, amid studies which are commonly esteemed more laborious than amusing, have past my many years. Many indeed; but, I thank my God, full of such enjoyments as I had hoped to find in the investigation of that part of truth in which alone it is permitted to man to arrive at any degree of certainty; I mean the truth of mathematical science. Early in life I became persuaded that geometry, and those studies which originate in it, were the proper exercises of human reason, and that all pursuits which were not directed by that important science, were merely the wanderings of the imagination. Taste hath no laws, metaphysics no language. The standard of the former can never be distinctly defined; it exists in the incommunicable sensations of every individual; sensations which are even more dissimilar than the features of each countenance. On the latter, all discourse is vague; for how shall names be attached to ideas that are ever varying their forms, and in a different situation cannot again be known; that are frequently the most concealed when they are the most powerful agents, and appear continually in the disguise of the most opposite sentiments? No, my Matilda, it hath been my determination to be pleased with the works of taste, without considering, critically, how much I ought to be pleased. If an author has power to touch one string of my heart, its vibrations immediately convince me of his merit; I am persuaded that he himself felt when he wrote; and that faculty of expressing his feeling, which submits to no law, but is as extensive as the imagination itself, constitutes a great and wonderful attribute of the human mind, on which all reasoning is futile; for we cannot obtain data or definitions for the fabrication of a single argument. And yet more firmly have I resolved never to enter into the inscrutable jargon of metaphysics. When I consider the faculties of the soul, my astonishment bewilders me; I perceive something beyond the grasp of my reason; and since I am not conscious of any power of investigation superior to natural reason within me, I desist from the incomprehensible contemplation, and content myself with natural subjects. Geometry, therefore, and its large family of sciences, have been my constant companions. In them I have found indubitable truth; it is by them that we want no other testimonies to convince us of the order and harmony of the universe, of the certainty of the Great First Cause, and even of the nature of infinity itself. They are called abstruse, but falsely so; they are the most simple of all human inquiries; they demand only the most common endowments of intellect to be exerted upon the most apparent objects.

It is upon these subjects, Matilda, and upon these alone, that I am able to sustain the correspondence which you so sweetly request. To answer your inquiries on such topics, and to direct your attention to the proper objects of them, would indeed be to me a delightful occupation; but, perhaps, the asperity generally attributed to them intimidates you, and makes you already regret the solicitation with which you have favoured me. No, the attentive education which you have received, the love of truth in all its forms, which you have so frequently manifested, and that ardent perseverance in the search of real knowledge which elevates your understanding above the feeble curiosity, so characteristic of the inconsiderate part of your sex, warrant me in venturing to make some branch of the mathematics the subject of my epistles. I use the word venture, for in spite of the confidence which I have in your strength of mind, I fear the possibility of rendering my lovely niece thereby weary of the correspondence of her uncle; such a fear originates in the most affectionate sensations of an old man's heart, and admonishes me to commence with the most engaging branch of those sciences, the very names of which too often deter the fair, and even the man of taste, from attending to them. Perspective, the most gentle legislator to the most pleas-

ing of the arts, shall be the first mathematical study to which I will engage you. Is it not time, my dear Matilda, that the pencil, which in your hands possesses such powers, and which has been permitted to rove at large over flowers and landscapes in so beautiful but so wild a manner, should become acquainted with those laws of proportion to which it owes its excellence? Nothing that is justly admirable in painting can originate from yourself, unless you are perfectly versed in this geometrical theory, and in the practical rules derived therefrom; without this knowledge you must submit to be the humble copyist, and even that superiority of tint which practice has enabled you to bestow upon your beautiful copies, will not save you from the degradation.

That I may support my observations, and engage your attention by that form of language in which you delight and excel, I here transcribe the lines of a Gentleman of my acquaintance:—

ON PERSPECTIVE.

Ere fair perspective's gentle laws were known,
Would bold design his daring forms display,
In colours brighter than the robes of May;
Yet without order was his tablet strewn,
Nor were the tender mists of distance shewn,
Nor objects less'ning thro' the length'ning way;
But as in dazzling noon's solstitial ray,
Delug'd with waves of light, the uncertain landscape shone.

'Twas then geometry, dark, thoughtful sage,
Sent from his cell recluse, his loveliest child,
Perspective, who had oft his toils beguil'd;
For she alone could to soft cares engage
His anxious mind, what time fair nature smil'd,
And would, with mimic scenes, his tedious lore assuage.

Straight in proportions just the objects rise,
The long receding vista slowly fades
In the far, faint horizon, while the shades
Of intermingled columns with surprise
Rivet upon one plane th' admirer's eyes,
As if a real distance did pervade
The portico, the less'ning spire, the glade,
Woods and receding hills that melt into the skies.

But ah! too like her sire, the nymph unlov'd,
Wander'd, while lawless scenes usurp'd her name:
Nor knew she where she might protection claim,
Till sense and taste in Oxford's figure moved.
Then felt her bosom hope's enlivening flame,
That art would keep her laws, by beauty's lips approv'd*.

I begin then, my dear Matilda, with the definition of that branch of knowledge which I intend to explain to you. Perspective is the science of those geometrical proportions by which the distance and inclination of any object or objects may be accurately represented on a *superficies*.

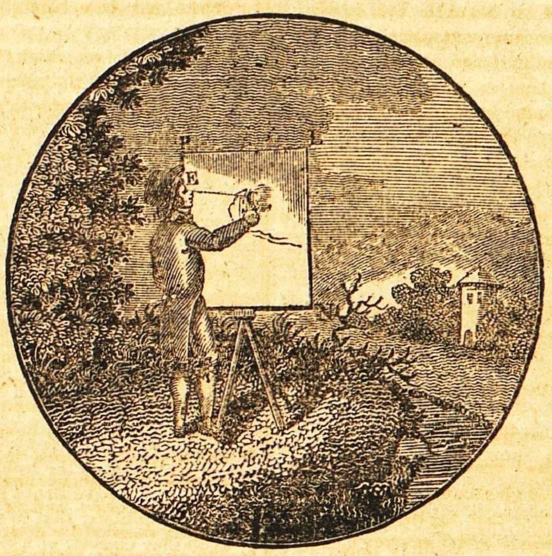
The *superficies* on which the delineation is to be made, is called the *plane of the picture*: for it is generally a flat, smooth surface, as canvass, paper, &c. And here, my dear niece, I would have you consider the idea of a plane independent of the substance to which it is attached. Not that a surface or plane can ever exist independent of substance, but the substance or thickness may be of no consequence in comparison with the surface. Thus, when I commend the beautiful polish of a mahogany table, the idea of its solidity is not in my mind: the plane surface alone occupies my attention. It is in the same manner that I shall frequently speak of certain perspective planes, without any reference to thickness. It will also be necessary sometimes for me to speak of lines, in which length only is considered, without any regard either to width or thickness; and of points, which are frequently denoted by dots, but which have in reality no sensible representation, being the extremities or boundaries of lines, and therefore without length, width, or thickness. These abstract ideas of points, lines, and surfaces, are very simple; but if you do not perfectly comprehend them at first, do not fatigue your imagination with endeavouring to do so; for almost every difficulty in the theory of geometry becomes lessened by the actual practice.

I suppose that you are acquainted with that manner of taking views which is practised by many artists who have but little knowledge of perspective. As the manner to which I allude will serve to illustrate the principles of this science, I shall here describe it, particularly as I believe you have the apparatus which it requires, and will therefore more easily comprehend my references. A frame of plate glass, covered with a thin layer of isinglass to render it capable of being drawn upon is fixed upon a stand, and the eye being always kept at the same distance from it, and at the same point, the forms of the objects seen through it may be traced accurately upon the plane surface of the isinglass.† You

* These lines are the production of Mr. Noble, author of Amphion, the Dawn of Peace, and various other poems, and were sent by him to the Countess of Oxford, with a copy of his Work on Perspective, lately published by Orme, Bond-street.

† This instrument is represented by plate 1, and will be easily understood on the slightest observation: the position of the delineator in it is supposed to be much elevated.

have, then, in this instrument, the *plane of the picture*‡ represented by the surface of the isinglass; the *distance of the eye*§, represented by that wire which is usually attached to the frame, to determine the position of the eye of the person who delineates the picture, and also the *point of sight or perspective centre*|| in that point on the isinglass to which the distance wire is directed, and which is therefore directly opposite to the eye of the delineator.



We accept it as an axiom or self-evident truth, that the apparent magnitude of objects is diminished according to their distance from the eye of the person who looks at them§. But as the reason of this may be more clearly understood from the study of optics, and some knowledge of the structure of the eye, I refer you to the works of Mrs. Bryan, of Blackheath, who has condescended to open the gates of science to the most uninformed, and by elegance of diction, and all the ornaments of polished literature, has rendered irresistibly attractive, that entrance to knowledge, which was before so forbidden and uncouth.

Without inquiring, therefore, into the causes or nature of the decrease of objects as they become more distant from the eye, I shall content myself with observing, that we may suppose objects removed from us until they appear merely points, or rather totally disappear. Imagine, then, my dear Matilda, *that boundary* of our sight to which objects of the greatest possible magnitude being removed, would in appearance be diminished to imperceptible points, and you will have an idea of that which in perspective is denominated the *Visual Horizon*. You will thereby easily comprehend that it is on account of this decrease in the appearance of objects that vistas of trees or columns appear lower or more narrow as they recede from the eye, and that rows of stones which compose long walls, appear to converge to one point. Any surface or line belonging to any object, being supposed to be extended to the *Visual Horizon* is said to *vanish*.

So far, my dear niece, have I led you in my first letter. If I have not made my subject so engaging as you expected, remember that the rudiments of all knowledge are more tedious than the higher attainments. If you are not discouraged from proceeding any further, I shall in my next explain some more of the theory; and in my third, I shall arrive at a more pleasing part, the actual practice of the simpler propositions: thus, blending as much as possible the use of the pencil with the theory that ought to direct it.

Pleasing, indeed, to me is the task—how anxious am I to render it so to my Matilda—how grateful is the hope that the mind of her whom alone I love in this world, may be improved by those studies which have been my highest gratification, and at some periods my consolation.—Farewell!—Believe

Your fondly affectionate Uncle,

MATHOS LE BON.

[To be continued.]

‡ Marked P L N O on the plate.

§ Marked E C on the plate.

|| Marked C on the plate.

§ Although, mathematically considered, the diminution of objects is not exactly in proportion to the distance, yet it so very nearly so, that no objection can be taken to the above sentence: and it must be observed, that mathematical disquisition is avoided as much as possible.

FINE ARTS.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

This important and excellent establishment was founded June 14th, 1805; pictures, &c. were received into its gallery January 18th, 1806; and on the 17th of February the exhibition and sale of those works of art, the productions of British artists, natives of or resident in, the United Kingdom, was opened to the public, under the gracious auspices of his Majesty as Patron, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales Vice-Patron, and the Earl of Dartmouth President.

The first object of this institution is to improve and reward the talents of the artists of the British school, to stimulate their exertions in the higher and intellectual departments of the arts in historical and landscape painting, in sculpture, and in modelling. It is conceived that such an institution is of peculiar importance to the nation at large at this present moment, when efforts are making in different parts of Europe to promote the arts of design by great national establishments, and thereby to wrest from us those advantages in manufactures and commerce, which can only be retained by a pre-eminence in the fine arts. This pre-eminence, however, cannot be retained but by the assiduous cultivation of those arts. If we do not advance we must recede; and when we cease to improve we shall begin to degenerate. In a country where native energy is most abundant, professional taste and talent, and national patronage should no longer be confined to inferior objects; our artists should be encouraged to direct their attention to higher and nobler attainments; to paint the mind and passions of man, to depicture his sympathies and affections, and to illustrate the great events which have been recorded in the history of the world.

With a view to these important objects this institution has been formed by some of the most dignified and enlightened characters in the United Kingdom, by whom a purchase has been made of the premises late the Shakespeare Gallery, Pall-mall, which have been fitted up with a degree of appropriate elegance becoming the elevated rank of the noble founders and the importance of the object of their exalted patronage.

The splendid assemblage of British art, which forms the first exhibition in the gallery of the institution, has burst upon the public eye with a magical force of effect. A provident principle of the institution permitting those works which had passed in the reviews of former annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and others, down to those of the preceding year, some works even of deceased artists, but more of living ones, which have not yet found purchasers, are again brought before the public, in conjunction with numerous others, prepared by the first masters, purposely to form this magnificent national spectacle, so highly honourable to their talents, and so gratifying to the public feeling.

It cannot but have struck the spectators of our annual exhibitions, that in a mixed assemblage of dissimilar objects, of which they are formed, it is next to an impossibility that historical representation should have a chance of being contemplated with that care and attention requisite to the forming a just conception of the combinations required to produce a work of merit in this highest of the walks of art, whose province it is not only to please, but also to instruct.—Placed in contact with the portrait of a British beauty, or the figure of a distinguished military or naval character, a West, or a Barry, may pass unnoticed, unseen, and forgotten, but for the rank their names might hold in the catalogues: and thus the high and important office of the art in its province of instruction is rendered a non-entity, a thing unknown and unfelt. In the exhibition now before the public, all obstructions of that nature are removed. History presents her august form undisturbed by irrelevant objects, and with a dignity her own, tells her tale of joy or sorrow, of ancient or of modern lore, in a language adapted to the feelings of all, and which he who runs may read. Mind and sentiment pervading every object presented to our view, not a picture but is a lesson of reflection, not an object but challenges our taste, and demands our approbation.

The raising of this standard, around which, as to a rallying point, the arts have been invited to assemble, augurs much of glory to the professors, and more of honour to the illustrious

patronage which has so liberally reared, and so strenuously laboured to support it. The genius of the country has been called forward by the voice of patriot zeal, and liberally waits to renumerate its labours.

That call has been answered with promptitude and energy, by the classic pencils of West, Mortimer, Fuseli, Copley, and a long etcetera of native worthies, in the historic class; whilst Turner, Daniel, Calcot, Ward, Freebairn, and others, eminent in landscape, with the modest, but most able, Nollekens, Bacon, Rossi, and Manning, have raised monuments of signal honour to their own, and to the character of their country. At a moment when the elegant arts were on the brink of annihilation, and seen fast drooping to decay, where is the British bosom that is not warmed by the cheering prospect that is now opened to the exertions of native genius, and participating in the gratifying feelings resulting from those labours which national and individual honour is the certain issue of the cordial co-operation of talent, kept in constant activity by the cheering excitations of genuine taste and discriminating liberality. We hail the outset of this truly patriot place, which promises so much of good in its issue to all of the present, and gratification to those of future times.

The executive government of this illustrious institution is confided to a committee of sixteen of the noblemen and gentlemen who are of the classes of hereditary governors, having subscribed one hundred guineas, and of life governors having subscribed fifty guineas in one sum. A committee of visitors of the same number and order of subscribers form also a branch of the establishment; together with a treasurer, secretary, and keeper, with an adequate number of necessary servants. As soon as it may be found expedient, application will be made to his Majesty for a charter of incorporation for the institution.

The property of the institution is vested in the hereditary governors, subject to the privileges of the life governors, and of the annual and life subscribers.

Every governor has a right of personal admission to the institution, and of introducing two friends each day to the exhibition and gallery.

Annual subscribers of five guineas have also the same privileges.

Annual subscribers of three guineas have personal admission, with one friend, daily.

Annual subscribers of one guinea, or ten guineas in one sum as life-subscribers, have only personal admission to the exhibition and gallery. Ladies are subscribers in the class of governors, and may vote by proxy. They are also life or annual subscribers, in which classes none are qualified as voters on any business of the institution. The treasurer is annually chosen, and gives security to the directors, with two sureties, in the sum of 5000l. William Morland, Esq. M. P. is appointed to that office, which is merely honorary. The keeper, who has the care of the premises, and the whole property of the institution, the arrangement and conducting of the exhibition, and sales of pictures, &c. in the gallery, together with the direction and superintendance of all the servants of the establishment, holds that office during pleasure. Mr. Valentine Green possesses that situation, under the security of his own bond, in the sum of one thousand pounds, and that of his friend, in another thousand pounds.

The terms of admission of pictures, &c. for exhibition and sale, in the gallery of the institution, are the same as at the Royal Academy; the artist being only at the expence and trouble of sending them, and of taking them away at the close of the exhibition. No artist can have any share in the direction of the institution; but they are at liberty to become subscribers.—Pictures, &c. that have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, or in any other exhibition, are eligible to be received and exhibited in the British Gallery, if approved of by the committee of directors.

No deduction whatsoever is made on any picture, or other work of art, sold in this gallery; nor on the sale of any picture, &c. can they be removed till the close of the exhibition. The amount of the sale of pictures in the space of twenty-three days, which to the writing of this article, is the whole of the time the exhibition has been open, and during a very inclement season, is 1127*l*.—March 15, 1806.

Subscriptions to the British Institution are received at the following bankers:—Messrs. Coutts and Co.; Messrs. Down, Thornton, and Co.; Messrs. Goslings, Sharp, and Co.; Messrs. Hammersleys and Co.; Messrs. Hoares; Messrs. Praeds, Digby, and Co.; and Messrs. Ransom, Morland, and Co. Pall-mall.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

STANZAS ON THE MOON.

NIGHT'S silver lamp ascends the skies,
By myriad splendid stars impearl'd,
And bids her midnight beauties rise,
To light and charm a weary'd world.

Yon mould'ring turret's time-worn form
Her soft and trembling beams illume;
She smiles amidst the coming storm,
And brightens from surrounding gloom.

Now the fleet footed fairies lave
Their spotles limbs in pearly dew,
Or sit beside the lucid wave,
Or deck the scene that Spencer drew;

On some gay flow'ret's emerald stem
Perchance their magic feet alight,
Whose silv'ry sandals bear a gem
Dropt from the starry sphere of night;

Or sprightly o'er the spiral grass
With giddy, graceful ease they glide;
A dew-drop is their looking-glass,
Their mirror is the sleeping tide.

When morning opes her cloudless eye,
The fairies seek their mossy cell;
There in soft smiling slumbers lie,
Till waken'd by the ev'ning bell.

Kingsland. J. M.

WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT is love?—'Tis pleasure, pain;
One time 'tis loss, another gain;
It breeds the soft impassion'd sigh,
And bids the tear suffuse the eye;
Yet oft a smile it makes us prove—
This, youthful poets, this is love.

It bids us oft avert the eye,
When her we hold most dear is nigh;
It makes the eloquent grow mute,
Who fain would pay a lover's suit;
Yet bids the tongue of silence move—
All these are surest signs of love.

It makes stern valour crouch its slave,
Degrades the proud, unnerves the brave;
Ev'n the bright seasons seem to change
Beneath love's soft and fostering range;
And winter, as we gaily rove,
Changes to summer, touch'd by love.

J. M. L.

ON THE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY OF MISS A—TT.

YES, thro' the veil of pale disease,
Those charms have still the pow'r to please;
Charms which the purest lilies show,
Or snow-drops op'ning into blow;
Charms which the fairest form pourtrays,
Or budding jessamine displays;
Whose hectic blushes not in vain
Reflected loveliness on pain.

Thus when hoar winter's frozen hand
Spreads o'er Helvetia's dreary land,
Alps' tow'ring heads with gloom invests,
And swells with snow its mountain breasts,
The sick'ning sun with languid ray
Gleams through the misty cloud of day;
But when from off the face of heav'n
The gelid northern breeze has driv'n
Dank fogs, whence noxious vapours rise,
To taint the lustre of the skies,
The golden orb refulgent breaks,
With radiance new the mountain streaks,
When sparkling gems reflecting light,
Unnumber'd dance upon the sight;
While as returns the vernal gale,
Waving fresh beauties o'er the vale,
Nature, in lovelier colours drest,
Smiles o'er the earth supremely blest!

Of thee the winds enamour'd grew,
And kiss'd the blossom as it blew;
Then sipping off the dew of health,
Strove to destroy its beauteous wealth:
Thus rudely daring to invade
A form they vainly sought to fade;
'Twas then I saw thee as a flow'r,
Which drooping still retains its pow'r.

When o'er her frame Hygeia's breath
Its balm diffus'd, the dart of death,
Doubly envenom'd, she defied—
Tho' wounded, still no beauty died:
As glowing tints the morn disclose,
So the new Helen blushing rose;
As flow'rs which shed increas'd perfume,
When dew-drops glisten on their bloom.

Welcome the gale Hygeia blew,
Which brought returning charms to view!
Ah! far more welcome than the breeze,
Which drives yon vessel o'er the seas;
Or wafting thousands to the shore,
Who never thought to reach it more.

Then oh! how well did she conceal
The pain less beauties would reveal!

How well the contest she sustain'd!
How great the victory obtain'd!
While from the radiance of her eyes
New lightnings flash, new dangers rise.
Beware, for oh! their potent charm,
Where'er they glance they must disarm.

But when, alas! life's spirits die,
And souls to realms ethereal fly,
From the unfathomable deep,
And awful death's sepulchral sleep;
Those too, on heavenly wings from earth,
Shall mount to renovated birth,
And bloom again in youthful pride,
" Where angels live, who mortals died!"

Surrey Street. R. C.

LA LUNE D'UNE VIELLE.

WRITTEN IN BUSHY PARK, AUGUST, 1805:

Occasioned by hearing a Lady say she loved to look at the Moon, though it made her melancholy.

If thus pensive, my Cynthia, thy image I see,
If thy orb to the memory brings
The dear pleasures of youth—lost for ever to me
On the fugitive Time's rapid wings:

Yet devoutly I court thy return to the skies,
With the dawn of thy infantine light;
Still I greet the faint beams which with langour arise,
As if shy to encounter the night;

Still I trace with pure homage of wonder and love,
The progressive advance of thy ray;
Still adoring I view the bright circle improve,
Till in splendour it rivals the day.

When again to depart I behold thee prepare,
Sympathetic I mourn thy decline;
Some resemblance remote to each other we bear,
For *thy changes* are emblems of *mine*.

Then forgive, if while thus I contemplate thy sight,
And thus musing I mournfully gaze;
If my worship's profane of the Heav'n-born light,
By the tear that I blend with its praise.

For to *me* how *revers'd* is the beam of that sphere,
As it glides o'er the desolate ground;
What a paleness it sheds on the face of the deer!
Like a spectre he wanders around.

With a timid suspicion I shrink from thy lamp,
Noxious vapours impregnate the air;
On the dew-frozen lawn I behold the chill damp,
And joy sinks on the bosom of care.

Yet, perchance a fond dream of enchantment I find,
As *reflection* exhibits her glass;
Here the scenes that are vanish'd pass over the mind,
As thy shadows fleet over the grass.

With endearment the visions of time I renew,
Their past claims on my heart I replace;
To the mould'ring tomb the lost friend I pursue,
And the phantom with transport embrace.

I review the fair days of my juvenile pride,
When the moments with gaiety smil'd;
When a feather of pleasure the present supply'd,
And the future of thought was beguil'd.

In refulgence full orb'd my bright Cynthia then rose,
Ruling star of the *dance* or the *song*;
Then—impatient I waited the day's tardy close,
And *her* presence to lead the gay throng.

With a lustre divine she embellish'd this grove,
And these bushes in splendor array'd;
It might seem that the *goddess* commanded by Jove,
For *Endymion* had silver'd the shade.

But where now is the moon that so brilliantly shone?
Lost—in treasure of *Time*'s rifled store;
Where the colours from *life*'s painted canvass are flown.
When *Hope* dresses the *picture no more*.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

ANACREON, ODE XLVI.

Love's a pain that works our woe;
Not to love is painful too:
But, alas! the greatest pain
Waits the love that meets disdain.

What avails ingenuous worth,
Sprightly wit, or noble birth?
All these virtues useless prove;
Gold alone engages love.

May he be completely curst
Who the sleeping mischief first
Wak'd to life, and, vile before,
Stamp'd with worth the sordid ore.

Gold creates 'mong brethren strife;
Gold destroys the parent's life;
Gold produces civil jars,
Murder, massacres, and wars;
But the worst effect of gold,
Love, alas! is bought and sold.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MRS. T. W. VAUGHAN*,

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARP.

Sure 'tis a voice divine that wakes yon strings,
And calls the power of music from her cell,
Bids her unlock her most melodious springs,
And make each tone with choicest sweetness swell!

Hark! in yon distant note what softness dwells!
Attention, breathless, sits to catch the sound,
While fancy's hand unbinds her secret spells,
And all her airy visions float around.

Come, ye whose breasts the tyrant sorrows own,
Around this breathing harp obedient throng;
Here all your woes shall meet an answ'ring tone,
And hear the plaint that does to each belong.

Solemn and slow yon murm'ring cadence rolls,
Till on th' attentive ear it dies away,
To your fond griefs responsive, ye, whose souls
O'er friends just lost affection's tribute pay.

But hark! in regular progression move
Yon silver sounds, and mingle as they fall;
Do they not wake thy trembling nerves, oh love!
And into *warmer* life thy feelings call?

Again it sounds, but shrill and swift the tones
In wild disorder strike upon the ear;
Pale frenzy listens, *kindred* wildness owns,
And starts appall'd, the well-known sounds to hear:

But e'en the gay, the giddy, and the vain,
In mute delight the vocal wires attend;
Silent, they catch the ever varying strain,
And, pleas'd, the vacant toils of mirth suspend.

So when the lute, on *Memmon's*† statue hung,
At day's first rising strains melodious pour'd,
Untouch'd by mortal hands, the gathering throng
In silent wonder listen'd, and ador'd.

But ah! most welcome to soft fancy's ear,
Is the wild cadence of these trembling strings;
At the sweet sound she calls her spirits near,
And waves in silent joy her painted wings.

Sometimes she whispers that the melting strains
Spring from th' angelic choir in bright array,
Bearing on radiant clouds to yon blue plains
A soul just parted from its mould'ring clay!

And oft at eve her bright creative eye
Sees to the wind their silken pinions stream,
While on the quiv'ring trees soft breezes sigh,
And thro' the leaves disclose the moon's pale beam.

Oh breathing instrument! be ever near,
When to the pensive Muse my vows I pay;
Thou inspiration on thy wires canst bear,
And bid each feeling own her potent sway.

Then oft from busy crowds o'erjoy'd I'll steal,
To where my hand has rais'd thy tuneful shrine,
There from thy varying tones I'll learn to feel,
And, sweet inspirer, ask no aid but *thine!*

L—th —R—d. T. V—gh—n, Sen.

* Only daughter to the celebrated and beautiful Mrs. Musters, of Grosvenor Place.

† See Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

At thy approach, enchanting Spring,
The meadows laugh, thr valleys sing,
And Nature all looks gay:
The sun shines out with friendly beams,
And dancing in the crystal streams,
Adds beauty to the day.

How sweet with a dear friend to rove,
Where linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or blackbirds sweetly sing;
The mellow bull finch, and the thrush,
The concert join from every bush,
To welcome in the Spring.

Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,
Where falling objects sooth the mind,
Or lull to soft repose;
Our thoughts on rural subjects bent,
Enjoy a calm, a sweet content,
That grandeur seldom knows.

Woods, hills, and plains, own Nature's King,
Who rules the seasons, decks the Spring,
With power and skill divine:
The lowing herds their Maker praise,
And songsters, in harmonious lays,
The grateful tribute join.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

'Tis past!—gay Flora crowns the laughing sphere;
No more the plains in wint'ry sadness mourn;
But when for me shall bloom the youthful year,
Or when the dreams of infant life return?

Full soon, alas! the soft illusion fades,
That oft young fancy's heedless morn beguiles,
When the dear hope of lasting bliss pervades
Her fairy warblings and her syren smiles.

O life! what pangs the feeling soul must bear,
That lone and hopeless treads thy toilsome way;
But virtue's hand dispels each baneful care,
And points, exulting, to the blissful day—
The day that, destin'd to a softer shore,
Shall prove thy sorrows and thy woes no more.

TO A LADY,

On hearing her sing, " O had I Jubal's Lyre, &c." and accompanying it on the Piano Forte.

JUBAL, the pride of Judah's race,
Inventor of the lyre,
And Miriam's tuneful voice conjoin'd,
Could Israel's sons inspire.

But O! had Jubal heard thy lips
Breathe for that lyre a pray'r,
His saintly finger'd chords would prove
That greater skill was there:

Miriam would own superior strains
Than Israel's daughter sung;
Confess thy sweeter art, and hang
Enraptur'd on thy tongue.

O may those soft melodious pow'rs,
To thee so largely given,
Be tun'd, when here they cease to charm,
To loftier songs in heaven!

F. L. H.

ODE.

OH! far remov'd from my retreat
Be av'rice and ambition's feet!
Give me, unconscious of their pow'r,
To taste the peaceful, social hour!
Give me, beneath the branching vine,
The woodbine sweet, or eglantine,
While ev'ning sheds his balmy dews,
To court the chaste inspiring Muse!
Or, with the partner of my soul,
To mix the heart-expanding bowl,—
Yes, dear Sabina! when with thee,
I hail the goddess Liberty;
When joyous through the leafy grove,
Or o'er the flow'ry meads we rove;
While thy tender bosom shares
Thy faithful Delia's joys and cares,
Nor pomp nor wealth my wishes move,
Nor the more soft deceiver, Love.

F. H.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

[*Continued from Page* 55.]

WE are naturally led to speak of the advantages which the cause of general independence at present enjoys. They are not indeed numerous, but some consolation may still be found, notwithstanding the calamitous catastrophe of the war.

Europe was, during the four years that succeeded the peace of Luneville, what she had been during the painful period which prepared and produced that peace: an incoherent mass of scattered and jarring elements, rather than a duly organized body, united and moved by the laws of a common interest. England was completely insulated from the Continent, who seemed as regardless of the war, of the awful war which she waged with France, as of the quarrel she was at the same time engaged in with Scindia and Holkar. Austria, bent beneath the yoke, did not even dare to fix her eyes on the prospect of a mutually protecting alliance, and trembled at the idea of raising any apprehension in the tyrant's mind, that she seriously cherished any hope of arising from her fall.

Russia, carried away by the desire of co-operating in the new arrangements of Germany, still more powerfully carried away by the unremitting anxiety of her sovereign to lay the foundation of a solid and durable peace, and by the illusions with which Bonaparte contrived to beguile his pure and noble soul, seemed to forget for a time, that there can be no peace with the ever renascent necessities of a government, unjust in its nature, and with the phrenzy of a delirious ambition; and thus seconded in some degree the projects of that government, by resisting them only, and at best by her silence.

Prussia, in fine, wedded by a long overweening habit of insulation and political egotism, clinging with a blind pertinacity to old inveterate antipathies, of which the total change the affairs of Europe had undergone, should have extinguished even the recollection; fearing, perhaps, those very powers whose cause had become her own, on the very account of the injury she had done them by her long inactivity, and considering moreover her connection with France as the only or the surest means of acquiring, from time to time, some transient advantages, consolidated and extended those connections, even at the sacrifice of all her dignity, by allowing a French army to sit down at her frontier, and give the law to those to whom Prussia had so repeatedly promised, and held out her powerful protection.

Such was the situation in which we stood, when the unchecked strides of Bonaparte, and his continually increasing insolence, awakened at once

all the Cabinets, and impressed upon their minds the indispensible necessity of a change of system and of principles. This political revolution took its rise at the close of the year 1804; but its effects became manifest only about the month of August, 1805. The disdainful and offensive manner in which the passports granted to M. Novosiltzoff were returned, and the audaciousness with which they were annulled by the invasion of Genoa, were the signals which announced to Europe that she must soon arouse from her long slumbers.

A new order of things speedily began to unfold itself. England became closely connected with Russia, by a treaty founded much less upon the particular interests of either power, than on the pure principles, the noble project of a general equilibrium, a general conservation and prosperity. Through the medium of this treaty, England also linked herself in a community of interest with Austria, who had acceded to the treaty; and we should have seen her likewise united with Prussia, had not the fatal events of the month of December blasted for the moment our fairest hopes. The Emperor of Russia was long before convinced, that the conduct of the French government, that the monstrous preponderance it had acquired, that the efforts which it was incessantly exerting to increase that preponderance, to the utter extinction of every other power, were the sole cause and source of all the disturbances and of all the sufferings of Europe. He therefore conceived the magnanimous design of first employing his intervention, and next the greater part of his forces, in support of the common interest of the different powers, and of seeking greatness and glory not in unavailing conquests, but in the confirmation of social order, and the gratitude of his cotemporaries.

Austria, no longer finding herself alone and deserted on all sides, emerged from her profound lethargy; conceited with Russia, and through Russia with England, the means of producing an essential change in the affairs of Europe, and displayed for some months a resolution vigorously announced and energetically followed up by the most respectable measures. Prussia herself (it is no longer possible to shut our eyes to that fact, in spite of the fatal issue of this grand confederacy), even Prussia had abjured her distressing neutrality, and was most cordially preparing to co-operate with the efforts of the confederate courts. It already bespoke a revolution, but little expected in his political system, to see the King of Prussia induced to offer up the most ardent vows for the success of their arms and their views; but what indisputably proved the secret change which had taken place in his mode of thinking and feeling, and carried him much further, was the extreme facility with which the Emperor of Russia had prevailed upon him to embark in the common enterprize by a most solemn treaty. By a strange concurrence of fatal circumstances, seconded perhaps by the perfidy of the instruments that were employed in the execution of the diplomatic part of the treaty, this engagement proved abortive. It is not to be wondered at, if the public, who are always ill-informed upon such matters, or if some persons who know better, but who listen only to their malice and their resentment, endeavour at present to excite suspicions respecting the reality or the sincerity of that memorable negociation. It is, however, a thing beyond the reach of all doubt—a fact that can never be rescued from the page of history—that if the confederate armies could but have made head to Bonaparte until the 20th of December, war would have been declared by Prussia against France, and an army of one hundred thousand men would have advanced into Bohemia, while another of equal force would have marched from the Mayn to the Danube. Every thing had, therefore, been absolutely changed around us; and to a state of things in which a complete disunion of the greater powers, in which desertion or apathy on the part of some, false policy and suspicious designs on the part of others, were hurrying us on with giant strides towards the last extreme of servitude and nothingness, we saw succeed an unexpected concert, that would have extricated us, for a length of time, from our embarrassments, our tribulations, and our fears, had not some leading defects in its primitive composition, and the overwhelming disasters which marked its outset, struck it with impotence at the very moment we imagined we were about to enjoy the rewards of such glorious achievements.

[*To be continued.*]

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR MARCH.

During the season of Lent, the public amusements have been somewhat dull.

At this period of the year little novelty can be expected at either house; something, however, is in preparation at both, and the public are unusually sanguine with respect to the amusements in store for them.

Dibdin's opera of the *White Plume*, with Reeves's delightful music, will be produced on Easter Monday. It is spoken of as a *chef d'œuvre* of Dibdin's. The *Forty Thieves* are certainly coming forward. Upon this subject we speak decidedly. The dialogue and the songs are said to be written by Colman.

A new comedy has been read at Drury-lane, it is entitled the *Enthusiast*. The author's name is pretty well conjectured, but not known.

Earl Warwick was revived on Saturday the 29th of March, for the sake of giving a declamatory part to the Young Roscius.

We wish now, that the Managers are in the reviving humour, that they would reinstate Shirley's excellent old comedy of the *Gamester*; a delicate hand might easily cleanse it of its impurities.

A new farce, under the title of *Loquacity*, has been so popular on the French stage, that we are astonished it has not been imported. The humour of this piece is that of a man, with an unbounded propensity to talking, stopping every body's mouth, catching up answers in embryo, and anticipating the dialogue of every person with whom he converses. Thus, in fact, notwithstanding the variety of characters with whom he is associated, he has, with little exception, the whole dialogue of the piece to himself. The humour is original and good, and if properly combined with character and situation, would be very effective on the stage.

It has been stated in some of the papers, that Master Betty has entered into an engagement with the Drury-lane Managers for the next season, at a reduced salary of twenty pounds per week.

DRURY-LANE.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

The admirable comedy of *Love for Love* has been revived at this theatre.—It is some credit to the public that in the present degeneracy of the stage such a comedy can find an audience. We cannot agree, perhaps, with Jeremy Collier, "that when Congreve left the stage, comedy left it with him;" but we may venture to say, that until the true sense of what constitutes comedy returns to the public, Congreve can scarcely hope to be popular above a night.

This comedy was extremely well cast—Elliston's *Valentine* had spirit and ease; it wanted, perhaps, that which is now almost obsolete on the stage—the *manner* of the Rake of Congreve's time; that kind of elegant grossness, and gay profligacy, which was the character of men of wit and fashion at that period; every trace of which is now lost, and is certainly not worth redeeming.—The days are long past

"*Since Wits wrote plays, and even Lords had wit.*"

The *Valentines* and *Mirables*, now, can never hope to please, since, in truth, they are not understood; and probably the style of acting these parts is as much lost and forgotten as the sense of relishing them. The creatures of Congreve, unlike those of Shakspeare, are perishable beings; formed upon accidental habits and adventitious modes, the cement and the sand are continually loosening, whilst those which have nature for their basis, like the elements upon which she rests, have a solidity and permanency which can only be shaken by the stroke which dissolves herself.

Bannister, in the character of *Ben*, was the true sailor of nature, and not that of the stage merely. This character, so finely drawn, was no less admirably performed. Bannister's Sailor has always been the boast of the English stage; and the nearer his prototype resembles life, the better it is. Some actors succeed most in characters eccentric and distorted, but it is the pride of the genuine sons of humour to place their boldest strokes, and imprint their most brilliant and lasting colours, upon the canvass of nature only.

It is unnecessary to speak of the unrivalled excellence of Mrs. Jordan in *Miss Prue*. Miss Duncan's *Angelica* had those faults which infect her general acting, and of which, with the most zealous regard for her professional character, we shall remind her at another opportunity. Her worst enemy now is a flatterer; the best thing her critics can do is to put her out of conceit with herself: so noble and promising a performer should not be lost for the want of a little wholesome discipline. Dowton's *Sir Sampson* is deserving of the highest credit.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Saturday, March 8th, a new comedy, called *A Hint to Husbands*, from the pen of the veteran Cumberland, was performed for the first time at this theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Transit, - - -	*Mr. C. Kemble*
Sir Charles Le Brun, -	— *H. Johnston.*
Heartright, - - - - -	— *Pope.*
Fairford, - - - - - -	— *Fawcett.*
George Trevor, - - -	— *Brunton.*
Pliant, - - - - - - -	— *Farley.*
Harry Sumner, - - -	— *Field.*
Hardiman, - - - - -	— *Jeffries.*
Codicil, - - - - - -	— *Emery.*
O'Dogherty, - - - - -	— *Blanchard.*
Lady Transit, - - -	*Miss Smith.*
Lady Le Brun, - - -	*Mrs. Glover.*
Ruth, - - - - - - -	— *Emery.*

Fable.—*Lord Transit*, weary of a retired life and the society of his lady (the daughter of Mr. *Fairford*), whom he had married when a humble girl, without the consent of her father, who was then in Russia, mixes once more in the society of the gay and dissipated, and sends *Lady Transit* home to her father's house. *Fairford*, by the bequest of a friend, is now become exceedingly rich; he forgave his daughter's disobedience, and places a considerable sum of money in her hands to maintain her dignity; and procures a commission for his nephew, *George Trevor*, for the purpose of that gentleman's calling *Lord Transit* to an account for his behaviour. *Trevor* waits upon his Lordship, who having repented of his misconduct, receives him with respect, and being undeceived by the youth, with regard to his suspicions of an intrigue between his Lady and Sir *Charles Le Brun*, he wishes for a reconciliation. The parties are brought together at the house of *Lady Le Brun*, and *Fairford*, who had discovered, by some papers, the benevolence of *Lord Transit* to his wife, during his absence abroad, relieves his Lordship from great embarrassments, by relinquishing a considerable claim he held upon his estates, and consents to his daughter's reconcilement with him.

This piece, we have said, is the production of Cumberland, the old champion of that sentimental kind of comedy, which, in his hands, has exalted the character of the English drama, and has no less tarnished and degraded it in the hands of others.

The correctness and gravity which Cumberland first introduced upon the stage has given rise to a spurious offspring, which we have so often seen tricked out with trite pedantic morality, with affected preaching and whining, converting the theatre into a Methodist chapel, where virtue was merely made use of as the stalking horse for applause, and wit and humour banished from their proper seats.

The present comedy is in the true style of the author; but not in that of his happier days. It is harmless and inoffensive in its moral; chaste and regular in its design and execution; pure and unaffected in its dialogue; but wholly without invention, either in its characters or fable.

It is to be distinguished for a cold, creeping correctness; it sneaked to port under plentiful broadsides of *clap-trap* morality. It kept an even, quiet tenor, in a voyage in which little was ventured, and nothing gained but safety.

The prologue promised *legitimate* comedy. If legitimate comedy consisted in mere purity of dialogue, in a harmless moral strain, we must confess that there was that *bleating* innocence in the piece which recommended it to mercy; but if legitimate comedy requires something of invention and novelty in its fable, and not a story borrowed from a circulating library; if it demands a regular and well sustained interest, which shall entice and fix the curiosity through the progress of the scene, and lead to a natural but unexpected *denouement*; if legitimate comedy requires this, undoubtedly this piece had it not to boast.

In the first act every thing was anticipated. The fable had not the merit of a single embarrassment. A long horizon of gloom presented itself at the outset; a depth of dulness lay in perspective, and not one flash of merriment burst forth to cheer us on the way.—We confess we never saw a piece so legitimately dull; written with such heavy accuracy, and tiresome precision. There was in every part the same stiff monotony; the characters were all tricked out from the same moral wardrobe, and attired in the same dull drapery of dress.

All the cardinal virtues seem to have clubbed to make this foolish fraternity of characters; the "Whole duty of Man" yielded up its treasures, and we know not whether a more sacred Manual may not call Mr. Cumberland a plagiarist.

We have assigned a reason for its success.—The performers, particularly Miss Smith, did ample justice to the piece. It has run six nights, and is now laid by.

FASHIONS

For APRIL, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

No. I.—A Fashionable Walking Dress.

A short round gown of plain India muslin, with a border at the bottom, made high in the neck. A blue velvet spencer; a cap with a lace border; a straw hat, turned up in front, with a small pink rose.

No. 2.—A Fashionable Morning Neglige.

A gown of India striped muslin made with a full collar to button close to the neck, and down the front with long sleeves. A half mob cap, with a yellow crown. This figure is represented reclining on a fashionable sofa.

No. 3.—An Evening Full Dress.

A Mameluke robe of white crape, trimmed round the bosom and the bottom with slate-coloured Delta trimming; worn over a white sarsnet slip; the sleeves short and full; rich clasp; a half handkerchief crossed over the bosom, with a cornelian broach; turban of slate-coloured crape, and gold aigrette; white kid gloves and shoes; ridicule of white velvet and gold.

PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

No. 4.—An elegant Morning Walking Dress.

A straw gypsey hat, tied under the chin with white satin ribband, embellished in the front with wild blue flowers. A muslin gown, ornamented with a knotted work, short puffed up sleeves, just covering the shoulders, and a puckered trimming round the breasts, and hanging over the shoulders, with a light-blue kerseymere shawl, edged with a Turkish border, and the shawl tastefully drapered; white gloves, and brown shoes, compose one of the most fashionable walking dresses the Parisian *élégantes* have adopted this spring.

No. 5.—A Half Full Dress.

A bonnet made of pink ribbands, trimmed with a tuft of ribbands in the front, exhibiting only a few curls over the forehead; a plain muslin gown, with sleeves chequered with pink ribbands, and the gown ornamented in the front also with pink ribbands, the breasts trimmed with puckered net lace, and a pink sash, with short ends hanging behinds; an Indian shawl, with Turkish embroidery; white satin shoes, and *perkale* gloves; this half dress has been considered equally simple and elegant.

No. 6.—A Complete Full Dress.

The hair *à l'Egyptienne*, two rows of beads round the forehead, with a comb, and fancy ornaments gracefully displayed behind the hair, which is plaited in the shape of a cork-screw; a white pearl neck-lace fastened in the front with a large antique stone; an *Austerlitz* robe of nankin-coloured sarsnet, sleeves ornamented with blue sarsnet, and gracefully embroidered in the front with the same, into fanciful knots and plaits; white satin shoes, and Albion net-gloves; an handsome fine shade in the right hand. This fashionable full dress, which has only made its appearance since the return of Napoleon, is esteemed equally elegant in its peculiar fashion and display, and no less complimentary to the Court.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

Lent has precluded the display of fashionable novelties; the London *élégantes* have not, however, permitted themselves to remain inactive; many head-dresses, and gowns of elegance, have been invented for the present month, which promise to become prevalent among every rank of fashion. Brown velvet *bandeaux*, ornamented with an antique set in gold, looped on the

right side with a gold broach, and closed behind with a gold clasp, is an elegant ornament for full dress. The *bandeaux* are made of dark brown scarlet, or slate-coloured velvets. An opera cap, consisting of a laced veil, formed into a kind of turban, with a wreath of half dead laurel leaves, an hyacinth in the middle, edged over the forehead with swansdown, and an handsome comb placed behind the head, is particularly elegant. An half dress cap, made of fine muslin lined with pink sarsnet, and the muslin ornamented with knotted work, forming a hat on one side, trimmed with sarsnet on the other, and embellished with a rosette in front, has some claims to notice. The *Bronti* hat, made of silver grey embossed velvet, with a small band of the same, and a row of beads of the same colour, is esteemed elegant; a feather to match must be worn with this hat. A full dress gown, made of light blue sarsnet, trimmed round the neck with Vandyke lace; the ends of the sleeves trimmed with the same to correspond, and the waist encircled with the same coloured ribband, and a bow behind, is both novel and fashionable. A light blue bonnet, much turned up in the front, and a plume of white feathers edged with blue, placed tastefully in the front; the rim ornamented with a row of pearl beads, is worn with the above full dress. A pink full dress gown, made of pink Albion net, and in the fashion of the gown described above, but worn with long sleeves made of white lace, is considered elegant; a pink sarsnet bonnet, made also like the former, but with a white plume of feathers only, must be ranked amongst the most modern and tasty fashions. A white figured sarsnet dress, with a long sweeping train; plain square front trimmed round with net-lace, or swansdown, has been much admired.

The *Circassian* straw hat is one of the most elegant hats that has been introduced; it is a spring hat, and will be universally worn by all distinguished *fashionables*. This elegant hat has some resemblance to a gypsey-hat, but has a fanciful crown, and is ornamented with lilac, *salmon*, and other spring coloured ribbands. An half gypsey straw hat, tied down with yellow or green ribbands, is fashionable. A full dressed laced turban, with a rosette of lace, ornamented with gold spangled net, an *aigrette* in front, with a large row of muslin confining the whole, and a row of gold, intermixed with rosette lace, and spangled net hanging tastefully on one side of the forehead, has a rich effect. A straw hat in the turban style, embellished in front with primroses, or abunch of mignionette and yellow roses, and a loose bow of white ribbands, is worn in the morning. This hat is worn ornamented in the front with lilies, primroses, and violets occasionally. The *Bronti* muff and tippet, made of scarlet feathers, are quite novel, and are worn only by the higher order of fashionables. During the unfavourable weather, white satin tippets, interlined with wadding, and edged all round with white swansdown, have been tolerably general.

The prevailing colours are light blue, pink, green, lilac; indeed all spring colours; but the uncertainty of fashion at present renders it impossible to pronounce the most general colour. Light blue appears to have the preference.

ON THE USE OF ROUGE.

To the EDITOR *of* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

IT has much surprised me of late to find that on the toilet of our ladies, the rouge-box is become perhaps the most essential attendant. Formerly the artifice of painting was used only to repair the ravages which the heavy hand of time had made in the features of some antiquated coquet; but now it is resorted to as an ornament, rather than a remedy, by the young, and even unmarried women: warm water is as constantly called for as their night-cap, and their face and their gown are equally to be put off before the lie down in their bed. Feeling then a very lively interest in whatever may advance or lessen the happiness of my fair country-women, I cannot refrain from crying out against the progress of so pernicious a custom. I should wish much to remind them what their poet Thompson says of his Lavinia—

" ——— *Loveliness*.
" *Need not the foreign aid of ornament,*
" *But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.*"

And indeed, I believe, I may venture to say, that of any ornament, rouge is the least respected among the male sex. Would it be possible to picture the disgust of a new married husband, fancying that he was about to clasp in his arms the very bloom of youth, who found in the first salute of his bride, that that bloom with her was as transient as her breath, and that his lips, instead of feasting on that soft and tender down of youth, were besmeared with an abominable and nauseous red powder? Might he not appropriately address her in some such words as the epigram—

" *I lov'd thee beautiful and fair,*
" *And plighted an eternal vow:*
" *So alter'd is* thy *face and air,*
" *'Twere* perjury *to love thee now!*"

I believe rouge came, like many of our worse fashions, from France, the gay land of trifles and

dissipation; but how often and how seriously have we had to lament the absurdity of introducing fashions adapted to a very different climate! A French-woman of *haut ton* will clothe herself in little more than her gown, but we do not live under a meridian calculated for a such a thin attire. Agues, rheumatisms, and a long train of tropical calamities, have been the sad consequences of our imitation hitherto. A French-woman may use her rouge in order to relieve the sallow hue of her sun-burnt face, and to brighten a complexion which has seldom any roses to boast. But surely an English-woman, whose beauty is the praise and admiration of the world, and the pride and boast of her countrymen, can little need, in any case, to resort to so wretched an expedient of increasing it. In France too this custom universally obtains, and is universally acknowledged. It would be ridiculous, therefore, for a French-woman to abstain from it. Where errors become universal, theybecome less venial in the individual offender; if indeed they do not seriously militate against the laws of the creation, it is our duty perhaps so far to comply with them, that we disturb not the peace of society by our singular rejection. In England, however, nò woman I believe confesses that she uses rouge; it is of course little better than a deceit, and on that account alone should be banished far, very far, from this land of integrity. I would speak both to the fair and to those whom the world calls plain. To the former, indeed, I will not allow any plea, much less the plea of necessity; and the latter, I am sure, would have much better chances of pleasing (the great end for which we all, but women more than all, are formed in society), if they would shew themselves honestly as God's creatures, somewhat worse ordained than their fellows, without endeavouring or attempting fantastically to conceal those defects, which are at last but defects of the imagination, and to a man of sense scarcely defects at all. Such a man, indeed, who has mixed at all with the world, hopes to meet with that

" *Something than beauty dearer, should he look,*
" *Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face.*"

And where can any mind of good principle be shewn so much, as in a plain and well arranged exterior, or so little as in the adoption of unadvised and deceitful ornaments: an elegant neatness of dress is a sort of passport to a man's heart—it carries with it the appearance of innocence, and by some association of ideas recalls to our imagination the pure and untainted joys of pastoral life; it serves to attune the mind to that calm and soothing pitch of harmony, when the powers of love have their greatest force. I would conjure, therefore, my pretty country-women, by all their hopes of a husband, not to persist in a practice which cannot fail to be injurious to their prospects in the highest degree:—they will, I am sure, agree with me, that no man would wish to marry a painted Jezabel—and they will remember how seldom in the conversation, and indeed opinion, of mankind, these two words are separated when the first can be applied.

It may, perhaps, be said, that those who have now used rouge for some time cannot leave it off, without the fear of exposing themselves—an answer, if it were correct, whence I might alone prove its evil qualities. A very few years have past, since the heads of our young country-women were plastered and *pomatumed* and filled with hair powder, even before they left the boarding-school--that ornament is now entirely laid aside, but it has not prevented their hair from flowing in these days, in tresses as luxuriant and as graceful as ever did the locks of their mother Eve—no evil consequence, no injury arose from the adoption or abandonment of that fashion—nor indeed is it the fact, that the features, from a short use of rouge, are materially injured; the eye that has been used to see them under a different shade will fancy a hundred defects on the first day, which will grow less on the second, and on the succeeding days vanish altogether—we feel awkward in new dresses and in new situations, but we soon grow familiar with ourselves. I remember to have been told by a young academic, that when he first walked forth in his cap and gown, he fancied every one in the street to be looking at him, when, perhaps, he would have been a greater object of notice without it—the novelty, however, soon wore off, and in a few days he mixed with unconcern with his fellow collegians:—So would a lady, who ceased to rouge, fancy on her first entrance into a room, that every one was remarking " Clarissa has forgotten her rouge today," when, indeed, she would be less liable to remark, by being less unlike other women; nine days would terminate the wonder to herself, and every one else, and she would no longer think herself singular, because she had not *La Rouge à la mode de Paris.*

As to the other consequences to result from the abandonment of this fashion, they are in fact none—for what man would not prefer decent ugliness to fantastic beauty? who would not be more pleased, were the object ever so plain, with the ruddy flush of health, than with the hectic hue of an artificial colour? with the frequent suffusions of virtuous modesty, than with the brazen rouge of dissipated fashion?

Youth too has innumerable charms and beau-

ties peculiar to itself, which cannot fail of being universally allowed, and which only time can destroy; and with him what avail has either natural or artificial beauty!—When the edge of their powers is blunted by repetition, or entirely destroyed in the revolution of years, we can only philosophize in some such way as Hamlet over the skull: "Go thou into my lady's dressing-room, and tell her, though she paint an inch thick, to this she must come at last."

1806. E. C.

To the EDITOR *of* LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

FINDING that your object is not only to be instructive, but also to be the *arbiter elegantiarum* in the ever-fluctuating modes of dress, give me leave to express my wish, that an undertaking so praise-worthy in itself, may be honoured with that success to which your exertions have already intitled it in all the polite circles of fashion.

It is with pleasure I have observed that some ladies have, of late, very judiciously adopted, or introduced, again the fashion of wearing large nosegays, as I am convinced that among the different appendages of female dress, none are perhaps more ornamental or becoming than a large *bouquet* in the bosom of a young lady. Indeed if we consider the natural beauties of flowers, and their exquisite perfume, it is no wonder if they are so much worn on the Continent. The ladies of neighbouring kingdoms indulge the passion for flowers in the extreme, and wear the *bouquets* enormously large. The size of these ornaments certainly depends greatly on fancy, but assuredly the larger and fuller they are, the more attractive and youthful they make the female wearer appear. As to the mode of wearing them, a large nosegay has certainly a more pleasing effect when worn rather high on the left side of the bosom, so as to have the flowers sporting wantonly with the delicate cheeks of the wearer. The beautiful *bouquet* which the Duchess of Bedford wore at the last drawing-room was very much admired.

Your's, &c.

Pall Mall. BELINDA.

London: Printed by and for J. BELL, *Southampton Street, Strand. April* 1, 1806.